

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review

VOL. VIII. No. 1. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing, ... but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne SEP., 1891

The attention of readers is called to the opening of a new department on page 80 devoted to The Literature of The Drama. This new feature is in satisfaction of a strong demand and will be kept in touch with the best editorial and essay work in the dramatic line. To those in search of interesting and fascinating fiction we can confidently recommend the current numbers of Short Stories. The September issue is particularly strong in good work, and in the October number will be found, flavoring up the rich bill of fare, admirable translations from the French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and Greek. Bear in mind that Short Stories and Current Literature will come to you for a year for \$5.00.

The American Novel....Blathwayt Interview....N. Y. Herald.

"Mr. Howells, let me ask you if the general character of the American novel is not changing very much. It is a serious matter for us English. We knew your country by reading your books. When I stated my intention of going to America an English lady said to me, 'Do; and try and live a chapter of Howells. Don't waste your time in the wild and woolly West, but find out for yourself and for us at home something of the secret of this lofty cultivation of the Boston society of which we hear so much.' Now, you Americans know us by coming to see us. But how few English comparatively come over here. And it has ever been thus, since the days of Cooper and Irving, right through the New England farm-life story, such as Queechy and Wide, Wide World, we know your life by your books. But now the old farmhouse story is dying down, and we are learning you socially and religiously. We are beginning to appreciate more than ever we did our points of resemblance, and still more our

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points of difference." "It is true," replied Mr. Howells, "as you observe, that we differ much from you. At first one notices it chiefly in accent, and then one finds out gradually that among other things Americans are more interested in all that goes on around them. This interest used at times to be rather uncomfortably displayed by unduly inquisitive curiosity. It is true, both to our advantage and to our disadvantage, that there is but little outward difference between our classes. There is a spiritual and moral refinement which perhaps you people haven't got, and you will notice this especially in the much purer and loftier conversation that goes on in an American club and which differs so much from the very loose talk you will hear in London. That is the innate Puritanism which our people cannot shake off, and which characterizes their manners though it is passing out of their creeds. Our fashionable men and women are very unlike yours in that respect. Well, their characteristics naturally become prominent in our novels, and you discover by them how unlike you are to us in many respects. I can judge of these matters fairly well, for I lived abroad for a long time, and so, while I gained atmosphere and breadth, I am also enabled to look on America with the eye of a foreigner. American life is changing very much, and the American novel by which you know us is changing too. It is a mirror of our mighty world, just as the Round Table was in the days of Arthur. We are specially to the fore in the 'short' story. That at present seems to promise our best future. For myself I do not believe in what you term the 'American' novel. It has little or no prospect, and for this reason—we are too local. We shall go on writing novels of New York, of Boston, of Georgia, of California. Our very vastness forces us into provincialism of the narrowest kind. Now, when you talk of the 'American' novel, you don't seem to understand that though there is one big government yet we have many small jealousies. This tendency is likely to grow. All of us writers are widely separated. Therefore you cannot expect to have an American novel, only the general taste of it will be American. But in the short story you will find honest observation, a certain tendency to realism which tells quite plainly that the story is one taken from life; it is an instantaneous photograph, as it were. I welcome heartily the free use of different local parlances or dialects, as people call

them. These short stories will do more than anything else to keep alive in us our distinctive characteristics. I think that as far as possible novels should be national. They should reflect the lives, not only of individuals but of nations. If they are realistic so much the better. That is why I like the Russian novels so much. Tolstoi and Tourgenieff I love, and so I do the Spanish novelists. They are great fellows. Zola is immense, though I do not therefore agree with his methods. Look at Thomas Hardy. What pictures of rural England he gives us. Therefore I welcome heartily our short stories, our brief, exact pictures of every-day American life. American life is now being represented with unexamined fulness. Each part of our country, each phase of our civilization, is made known to all the other parts. Each writer contributes, as it were, his share to a thorough knowledge of groups of the human race, under most inspiring and hopeful conditions. We American writers are making known our country, to our own people first, and then to the world, and, as you say, it is a serious and a solemn consideration, but so long as we are faithful and natural all will be well."

Conscience in Journalism....Eugene M. Camp....The Century

The publication of my article *What's the News?* in *The Century Magazine* for June, 1890, brought me, in substance, the following request from upward of a score of publishers, no less than seven of whom bear national reputations: "Many say the newspaper press is sensational; some declare journalism to be below the mean of the public taste; a few charge journalists with this, and only this, aim: 'To raise hell and sell newspapers.' Will you, through *The Century Magazine* if possible, set forth the true position of the journalist." The chief points of newspaper management that have been attacked are: The subject selected to be printed as news; the style in which the news is written; the head-lines with which the news is labelled. In what follows I endeavor to define the journalist's position, employing in my language the material furnished me for this purpose by the publishers referred to, who, to begin with, lay down these propositions:

1. We publish the misdeeds of mankind, not as examples, but as warnings; not for imitation, but for correction.
2. We aim at attractiveness in the presentation of news, not at sensationalism, and we give, not as many sensational

details as we often might, but as few as the public will be satisfied with.

3. We know the public taste, and, while we cater to it, we likewise undertake, by the only practicable means we know of, to elevate it. Our critics neither know the public taste, nor take any practicable means to improve it.

The usual argument of those who speak for the publisher is the declaration that the newspaper is a business enterprise, dependent upon public support for existence, and therefore bound to give the public that which the public will pay for. I shall not argue by this declaration, because, while business of most other kinds is conducted upon this level, the newspaper, with all its faults, is not. For example, the manufacturer makes and the merchant sells the machine, the fabric, the pattern, the style that the public will buy. The machine may be poor, the fabric shoddy, the pattern homely, the style old; but if the public, being warned only so much as by a reduction in the price, do but buy, the manufacturer and the merchant count their duty done. Not so the publisher. His goods must be neither stale nor shoddy, no matter how cheaply he offers to sell them. It is not claimed, however, that newspapers even approach perfection. Some, it is frankly admitted, go farther in forbidden directions than they ought, but with this admission can be pointed out the rapidly diminishing number of journals of this class—not because the public refuses to support them, but because honest journalism has made them disreputable by comparison. Publishers have to depend upon employees to whom the temptation to exaggerate, to pry into private affairs, to invent sensations, is peculiarly great. This lightning age demands that the news of the world be collected and printed between the hours of eight o'clock in the evening and three o'clock the next morning. Errors creep in; mistakes of judgment are made; but woe to him who errs or misjudges purposely. The reporter who begins by bringing in unfounded sensations, gross exaggerations, and false interviews soon ends in disgrace, and were the critic to enter the ranks of the newspaper makers and follow the rules which he appears to think governed there, he would see the back-door before he would reach the second floor of journalism. Publishers have not failed to recognize the public obligation imposed by the character of their wares. They do not follow the rule un-

hesitatingly followed by the manufacturer and the merchant—to give the public that which the public will pay for. Whatever the critic may demand, the public demands sensation. Every such demand must be carefully examined. The publisher must consider its legal aspects, its moral bearings; the rights of those involved, as well as the rights of the public to be served. If he decide upon publication—and he many times decides not to publish, although he knows the public would read the story with zest—the publisher must give the facts, and only the facts. To do so uniformly is not easy, for be it remembered that few men and women, however high their standing, hesitate to make false statements to reporters, if it be strongly to their interest to do so. Publishers invariably go to first hands for news, verify it to every extent that money, training, and limited time admit, and publish it with a freedom from opinion, from personal animus, and from sensational discolor, possible only to experienced chroniclers of events; and with a freedom from exaggeration that not one person in a hundred, having occasion verbally to repeat it, is able to command. In party journalism it is true that political opponents are often charged with serious, sometimes criminal, frequently absurd, offenses, but these are excusable, in a measure, through the stress of party strife. Besides these charges never hurt—mark that I say they never hurt—unless they are true. Party and personal journalism, in an offensive sense, will before long be things of the past. The journal of the future, almost of the present, is independent of the party whip. In the case of crimes, of scandals, of political charges, the corrective principle is never lost sight of. Mere wrong, because it is wrong, is never retailed. Just as nations endure war that they may have peace, so newspapers expose wrongs against the public that the public may correct them, and right prevail. The demagogue in politics, the knave in office, the trickster in business, the wreckers of families, the beaters of wives, the charlatans in the professions, the upstarts in orders, the daubers in art—this vast horde are ruined by publicity. In their eyes the sin lies not in the sin itself, but in the public's discovery of it. Hence the newspaper, which discovers the sin to the public, comes in for abuse that is loud and prolonged. Sympathy is aroused, and even good people are often found lending their ears and their influence to this de-

nunciatory harangue. In the midst of the muss a reputation is lost. How? Certainly not through the acts of the newspapers, for they never professed and never possessed such power. It was the truth that killed. Do not understand me to say that newspapers are conducted solely upon sentiment. They are not. Why should they be? What obligation rests upon the dealer in news that does not likewise rest upon the dealer in flour, in meat, in iron, in real estate, to undertake the elevation of the standard of public morals? Newspapers are run as the miller runs his mill, the miner his mine, the farmer his farm. Sentiment does not pay. Newspapers are rapidly coming under the control of corporations, like railways and financial institutions, and they require vast sums of money for their conduct. Hence, they are worked as other money-making corporations are worked—for all the profit they can be made to yield. There is no other way to work them. While newspapers are not conducted upon sentiment, their conductors, following a precedent that is as old as the newspaper itself, give part of their time and much of their energy to the battle for public and private improvements. Did the first American hotel-keeper lament the lack of general intelligence, and set about extending it? Did the importers of Benjamin Franklin's day, any more than the importers of our day, regularly give part of their time and money to the public good? Did the theatrical managers of Hezekiah Niles's time undertake to see that government officials were honest, not dishonest? Did even the lawyers of Thurlow Weed's period, any more than now, go out of their way that we may have better schools, better charities, and fewer Tweeds? The publisher's time is as precious and his business as exacting as those of the landlord, the importer, the theatrical manager, or the lawyer; and yet, since the days of William Bradford, the publisher has led, and that in two senses: He has worked for the public taste while other men have worked chiefly for themselves, and he has slowly raised that taste, while other men, speaking as a class and barring the clergy, have been dead weights in the scales. Hundreds of publishers sitting at the focus of multifarious public demand, struggled year after year, sacrificing money, time, and peace of mind, with the knowledge that they can at any moment increase their circulation and their profits by lowering the moral and literary standards of their publica-

tions. Why do they not lower them? There are many reasons. The publisher finds in his hands a powerful lever. It is a lever of better private and public morals; of better laws; of better public service; of detection for the wrong-doer; of wider education; of purer literature; of better chances for the weak; and the publisher bears all the weight upon this lever that a not-high public taste will let him. He does so because he is conscientious, because he is patriotic, because he is ambitious, because he seeks an honorable name, and because the traditions, the precedents, the contemporaneous newspaper comparisons demand that he shall do so. The newspaper of to-day—I speak of the ninety and not of the ten—is above the mean of the public taste which it serves. And this is true, whether the journal be published in the new communities of the West or in the old communities of the East, in the mining towns of Colorado and Idaho or in the college towns of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Publishers have acted with singular wisdom, rare public spirit, and remarkable unanimity. They ascertained the public taste, and then placed their standard as near the front of the column as possible. They do not go on ahead of the column, as their critics would have them do. Instead, they remain a part of the public demand while leading it. In doing so they accomplish two things, impossible of accomplishment in any other way: they educate the public taste to their standard, and they carry that standard forward as fast and as far as the public permits them.

American Literature....Its Future....New York Sunday Sun

The International Copyright act, passed during the last session of Congress, is a disappointment to English authors because it protects somebody besides themselves. They are indignant at a measure which, while it provides reasonable safeguards for literary ownership, shields American publishers, printers, paper makers, and binders from the competition of English manufacturers and workmen. Mr. Theodore Watts, in particular, has been moved to ferocious wrath by the infusion of the hateful protective principle in copyright legislation. This is, it seems, the last drop in the brimming cup of protectionist wrong-doing, and in the Fortnightly, Mr. Watts reviles us with great spirit on ethnological, sociological, æsthetic, and moral grounds, ending with

the information that we have thrown away the last chance of evolving a national literature. The long predicted literary variant from the English type has, he tells us, been blighted in the germ, and the hope of developing it may as well be abandoned. The time has gone by when English vilification could excite indignation or resentment in the United States. With every year that has elapsed since from the throes of a stupendous civil war we sprang into the front rank among the nations, we have come to care less and less about English opinion. That has happened to us which happened to the Roman republic when the war between the factions of Sulla and Marius was over. The national consciousness has awakened with a start to the magnitude of our resources and the splendor of our destiny. We know that the New World is our heritage and that the boundless future is our own. It has, therefore, become impossible for us to regard the ebullitions of English ill temper with any other feeling than amused unconcern. We writhed under the tongue lashings of Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens: we smile at the diatribes of Sir Lepel Griffin of the *Saturday Review* and of Mr. Theodore Watts. The last-named censors really cannot, to borrow a British vulgarism, get a rise out of us. Our only answer to their buzzings and their futile attempts to sting, is to wave at them a languid finger with "Shoo, fly, don't bother me!" Yet while Mr. Watts's view of American society, of American education, standards of taste and literary capabilities, is to us a matter of entire indifference, the question whether the evolution of a national literature on this side of the Atlantic be possible, is worthy of some consideration. It will be just as well, perhaps, to begin by defining our terms. Is it possible to have a national literature without a national language? So long as English is the common tongue of the United States and of Great Britain, it seems plain that the respective literatures of the two countries cannot sharply and organically differ, like, for instance, those of Spain and Portugal, or those of Italy and France. In the last analysis it is the mould, the organic structure, and the indwelling impulses of a given tongue to which are due the form and character of its literary outgrowth. So long as one and the same language is spoken on both sides of the Atlantic; so long as the American people go through their lexicographers to the West End of London

for their standards of orthography, pronunciation, and definition, just so long our native writers in all artistic essentials will be, and will even unconsciously or consciously aim to be, English rather than distinctively American. They cannot be otherwise; they are but obeying the fundamental law of literary creation, namely, intuitive, or deliberate conformity to the genius of the linguistic medium. We admit, then, that we never shall have a national literature in the exact meaning of the word until the American language shall have come to differ from that spoken in the British Islands almost as decidedly as Portuguese differs from Spanish, or as Provençal differed in the thirteenth century from the French spoken north of the Loire. Of course, it does not follow that, because we may have no national literature, properly so called, we may not make contributions of superlative importance to the common literary storehouse of the English-speaking world. It is here relevant to recall the fact that the masters of Attic prose and poetry were not all natives of the Attic soil, or children of Athenian parents. The time may come when an American will be called to the chair of poetry in the University of Oxford, even as Gorgias came from Sicily to teach rhetoric to the Athenians. What right have we, however, to assume—we that have behind us but a century of independent existence—that a distinctly American language will not be ultimately developed on this side of the Atlantic? We mean a language that will differ from the English more profoundly than did the Doric from the Ionic Greek, and at least as unmistakably as does the Portuguese from the Spanish. Already our colloquial tongue, the language actually spoken by the masses of the American people, varies materially as to vocabulary, and is tending more and more visibly to vary as to structure, from the idiom of England's toiling millions and lower middle class. It is in the lower strata of society that new languages are generated; it was there that the daughters of the Latin, the Romance tongues, were begotten and reared up; it was in like manner among the serfs and minor vassals of the Castilian nobles who followed Prince Henry to the conquest of Portugal that there grew up a form of speech divergent from that used just across the border in Galicia, in Leon, and in Estremadura. In the case of Portugal, the impulses toward the evolution of a separate language may be said to have been minimized.

Between the Portuguese peasant or artisan and his *confrère* in the adjoining Spanish provinces there was scarcely any difference of blood. There was incomparably less than exists between the American and English populations since the great inflow of immigrants to this country from Germany and from Latin Europe. We may go further and affirm that there was less ethnological ground for the genesis of a *langue d'ouï* on the north of the Loire, as distinguished from the *langue d'oc*, spoken on the Provençal and Catalanian coasts of the Mediterranean, than there is for the eventual emergence of a like linguistic phenomenon in a country severed from Great Britain by an ocean. It should, moreover, be borne in mind that a long lapse of time is an essential condition of such a phenomenon. A great many centuries were required for the germination and upspringing of the Romance offshoots of the Latin; many hundreds of years elapsed before the Portuguese and Spanish peasants failed to understand each other; we could not, therefore, expect to discern, at the end of a single century after the colonial epoch, the rudiments of a distinct American language, except by carefully scrutinizing the linguistic tendencies in the lowest stratum of American society. It is also to be noted that in modern times the process of linguistic differentiation is sensibly retarded by the ease of international communication; and accordingly the adoption of the popular idiom by the literary class in a given country is likely to be postponed, though in the end it may be inevitable. We concur, in short, with Mr. Watts in the opinion that at present we have no distinctly American literature, for the reason that we have no distinctly American language. Whether, centuries hence, we may not have a language of our own, is, we see, a different question. When we have, we may be certain the literature will follow.

Tuft Hunting....Notoriety in Literature....The Chicago Times

The editor of a well-known New York review upon retiring from active work a short time since was impelled to deplore the tuft-hunting tastes of American readers. "What would meet my ideal," he said, "would be in danger of falling flat and dead upon the market. The men whose work commands a high price are often men of affairs, eminent politicians, or distinguished lawyers. They are men whose time is occupied or men who have no particular literary ambition and whose

time is exceedingly valuable in their regular pursuits, so that it is necessary to pay a large fee in order to induce them to sit down and write the article desired." Pointing out thus that the magazine of great names is really more costly to produce than the magazine of intellect and literary skill, the retiring editor easily throws the responsibility for the non-existence of the latter upon the world of readers. He says in effect that the public is a hydra-headed snob, easily caught by a title or a cheap notoriety, and offensively scornful of unpretentious merit. It is to gratify the snobocracy that Andrew Carnegie unfolds his remarkable theories of the rights and responsibilities of wealth in English that will stand criticism no better than his arguments. Tom Reed is permitted to discourse on the rules of the House of Representatives, not because he is the best authority upon them, but because he has won national notoriety by disregarding and violating the well-established precedents upon which such rules, if they are to be rules, must be founded. The sagacious Ingalls showed how acutely he had measured the value of notoriety in literature when he refused to talk to a reporter the other day, declaring that his words, upon whatever subject, were worth hundreds of dollars a page. If the public is responsible for this phenomenon of American literature, it is the public that suffers. While the man of affairs or the politician may be thoroughly versed in a given subject and equipped with sufficient literary skill for its proper treatment, it does not follow that he is best fitted, or even well fitted, to write for public information. He approaches the subject from an interested standpoint. Mr. Blaine is admirably equipped to write of American diplomacy, for instance, but a work upon that topic from his pen would merit some suspicion. A politician writing of American diplomacy would be prone to sins both of omission and commission. The late Eugene Schuyler treated the subject admirably, but when he went into politics his book stood up before him and barred his path.

The Science of Fiction....Walter Besant....The New York Independent

It was announced, the other day, that certain Americans were about to found a School for Fiction. The news furnished excellent material for the clever leader writer and the smart paragraph writer. I have heard nothing more about the proposal, and perhaps it was only invented by and for the latter,

who is too often compelled in hard times to invent his news for himself. Still, when the epigrams of the leader writer and the scorn of the paragraph writer had in some measure lost their force upon one's spirits, the proposal began to afford food for reflection. Even at the risk of drawing the barbed epigram from the subject to my own head, I venture to illustrate one aspect of the Science, or Art, of Fiction in this proposed school. For, one begins to think, here is a very great and noble Art. It is an Art of which everything that has ever been said of painting, sculpture, music, and poetry, may also be said, whether of loveliness and grace, fidelity to Nature, loftiness of ideal, power of moving the world to pity or to terror, to laughter or to tears; power to raise or to degrade the soul, power to advance or to lower humanity. And, like the sister Arts, it can only be practised by those who have natural aptitude—I would call it genius, but the world will not allow the word to be used except of certain recognized men and women. Not only is Fiction a great Art, but it is pursued as a profession by thousands—men and women in Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, America, Holland, all working at this Art. Those who succeed may be numbered by a few hundreds. In the same way the walls of the Salon, the Royal Academy, and all the galleries in the world are every year crowded with pictures—thousands upon thousands of pictures—yet the true painters, those who succeed, may be numbered by a few hundreds. Perhaps there are three hundred painters out of all the countries whose works are cherished by that part of the world which understands painting. Probably there are not three hundred artists in fiction whose works are read by those who have any understanding of the Art—as an Art. What educational encouragements or aids are provided for those who attempt this Art? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The candidate is left wholly to himself. He must find out everything. The whole of the technique must be discovered by himself. It is as if we were to take the lad who cannot keep his fingers from the pencil and lock him up in a room with a white canvas, an easel, a palette, and a bundle of brushes and paints, and tell him to make himself a painter. Or it is as if we were to turn him loose in a gallery and let him learn by gazing upon the finished work what it was like in its unfinished stages. Or it is as if we were to place a young musi-

cian, whose fingers must still be running over the keys, in a room with a pianoforte in it and a pile of music and tell him to find out for himself how to use the former and how to write the latter. Every one acknowledges this absurdity applied to painting and music. When it is applied to Fiction no one perceives it. Why? Because the world does not believe that Fiction is one of the Fine Arts. Again, for the other Fine Arts there are the encouragements and the teachings of criticism. No Art criticism, it seems to me, can possibly be of any value unless the critic understands the workmanship and knows the tools. What encouragement, what teaching can the young student in the Art of Fiction derive from the criticism of his Art which appears day by day and week by week? None at all. Not the least. Now I am not one of those who entertain a blind animosity to all reviewers. I do not picture a tribe of wolves lurking for their prey in an anonymous shade, nor do I imagine a disappointed and envious crowd, longing for an opportunity to backbite and to slander. Quite the contrary. Reviewers, I have always found, are human creatures—men and women. Therefore they are good or bad, kindly or spiteful, conscientious or unscrupulous, truthful or false. Mostly, thanks perhaps to the control and the choice of the editor, they incline to the better qualities. That, at least, is my experience. It may be urged that in the narrow space allotted to the reviewer of Fiction there is no room for more than the expression of a simple opinion. The Athenæum, for instance, allots about two columns and a half every week for the discussion of eight to ten novels, and this without any nasty favoritisms or preferences, giving as much space to the latest work of the veteran Master (which in other countries would be foolishly considered a literary event) as to the school-girl's story paid for by the girl's friends—neither more nor less. This appreciative arrangement necessarily cramps the critic. Yet, when a more generous recognition of the work is accorded in other papers, the same absence of perception that the thing is a work of Art is equally remarked. I repeat. The Art of Fiction is ruled by the same laws as govern the Art of Painting. Almost word for word the same teaching might be given. Color, light, shadow, drawing, grouping, proportion, selection, dramatic treatment, may all be considered for a novel as for a picture. As in a picture, so in a novel, the subject is the first thing,

the chief thing. How to present this subject in its most attractive and most effective form; how to give it a setting; how to fit it with characters; how to select and present the scenes; this is the technique—the science—of the art. This technique each man has now to find out by himself. Can these things be taught? Most certainly they can. The young writer can be taught these things just as the young painter can be taught the elementary principles of his art. For instance, I have, of late years, owing to certain circumstances, read, but not for publishers, a great many manuscripts written by young writers. Most of them, of course, were things of no promise and no value whatever. But some were promising; and the best and cleverest among these were spoiled—invariably—by faults which a little teaching would have enabled the writer to avoid; faults which no young painter would commit, because he would have learned better before he ventured to send in a picture for exhibition. Every one who has ever read for publishers, as well as those who have read for young authors, will, I am certain, confirm this experience. It is most melancholy to find, as one constantly finds, the most admirable situations thrown away or inefficiently presented, the reader's attention distracted or lost by dull and weak descriptions, the neglect or the abuse of dialogue, the needless presentation of trifles. It may be said that these young people, if left to themselves, will find out for themselves. Perhaps; but after what waste of time and what lost opportunities! It is exactly for the sake of the people who will find out for themselves in time that one feels the need of definite instruction. How could these things be taught? How is the art of painting taught? In a school of fiction I can conceive of a lecturer dissecting a work, or a series of works, showing how the thing sprang first from a central idea; how this idea gradually attached itself to a central figure in a central group; how there arose about this group scenery, the setting of the fable; how the atmosphere became presently charged with the presence of mankind, other characters attached themselves to the group; how situations, scenes, conversations, led up, little by little, to the full development of this central idea. I can also conceive of a school of fiction in which the students should be made to practise observation, description, dialogue, and dramatic effects. The student, in fact, would be taught how to use his

tools. In this way the young writer might at least be saved a great many disgusts and disappointments, and a great deal of valuable time. He would learn at the outset something of what is absolutely necessary. He would especially learn, unless his teachers were pedants, that mere knowledge of the technique is useless without a natural aptitude for the art is present to begin with. But what if the natural aptitude is not present? We shall then, it will be objected, be training a horde of mediocre and incompetent novelists. Why? In every little town there are now schools of art and schools of music. Do they train a crowd of incompetent painters and musicians? Not at all. The outcome of their labors is that there are now thousands who can paint and draw, play and compose, after a fashion, in mediocre fashion; that the standard necessary for success has been enormously raised; that those who do succeed are much better than their predecessors, and not in larger numbers. In other words, mediocrity finds it harder to get on; the critical faculty has been, in these two arts, enormously cultivated and developed; and the work done is better. Exactly this, and nothing more, would be the case if the science—the workmanship—of fiction were understood and taught. It would become more and more impossible for the bad novelist to get his work published, even on the ignominious terms of paying for it; the critic would learn to give his reasons based upon a knowledge of the tools and how to use them; the work accepted by the public would be more artistic, more careful, more faithful. Of course, we shall not get this school of fiction—yet. The popular—and the paragrapher's—belief that fiction comes by nature and is not an art, is too strong. But the Americans, who proposed the school, are a practical people. They have grasped the fact that they have to do with an art, while our critics are struggling with the aforesaid elementary idea that novel writing comes by nature. Some of them also believe that it is rather a contemptible pursuit at best. Meantime there is one thing which authors, who really do seem as if they were beginning to act together at last, might do in their own interests. They might prohibit the presentation of their books for review to papers whose criticisms are inadequate, ignorant, or unjust. And this simple measure of self-defense is one which some of us mean to bear in mind and to practise.

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

If the newspaper comment on the first chapters of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler's new *Cosmopolitan* novel, *According to St. John*, be a criterion, the fair author will never again be taken seriously. The *New York Evening Sun* has stamped the first instalments in parody to the title of *According to Hoyle*, and throughout the country less respect is shown the married woman than was accorded the emotional girl. But this was foreseen. When Amélie Rives left the editorial counsel and guidance of Aldrich and Alden and sacrificed her dignity on the altar of Notoriety with the *Quick or The Dead?* she was classed—and apparently for all time. The inspiration of the old English library in the Virginia homestead that gave *A Brother to Dragons* and brought from the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* the enthusiastic remark: "The man who wrote this will never do anything stronger"—was art. The modern instances of this writer's work have been judged even by sensational newspapers as—hysterical nonsense. The same personality that could go into frenzied emotion over the old cigar stub in *The Quick or the Dead?* is appropriately placed in a red serge dressing gown with "her bare feet sunk into the dog's thick coat for warmth," lashing her frenzied soul with the still-born idea that she "loves because she hates" in *According to St. John*. The career of this young "writing woman"—the drop from the quality, style, and dignity of her earlier work to the present performance—is almost beyond understanding. Mrs. Rives-Chanler is not—like some of her fellow-sufferers with the literary measles—a naturally vulgar woman, and yet her handling of the old French woman's toilet—the picturing of skirts, chemises, and indiscriminate underwear; the telling of how "her flesh showed through the eyelets of the embroidery as though it had been stretched over magenta silk, and her great back looked like a brick wall from which the stucco had been torn in the shape of a V"; the description of how, "her uncorseted form rolled amply into its natural contour," and how "she snatched her huge blue satin corset from the bed and began hooking herself into it,"—is certainly not lady-like literature. It was one of Talleyrand's favorite maxims that "prudence in a woman should be an instinct," and missing this supreme

test of quality the forlorn hope of good taste suggests, as a sure means of avoiding inartistic consequences, the old-fashioned Sydney Smith standard of female authorship: "if the stocking be blue the petticoat should be long."

William S. Walsh in the *Illustrated American* gives this interesting and accurate account of the evolution of Mrs. Rives-Chanler's later work. "In April, 1887, Lippincott's Magazine came out with Miss Rives's first novel *The Quick or the Dead?* The uproar created by that book is still fresh in the public mind. It made the author, at one bound, a public character. It was read and discussed all over the United States. It was praised and blamed; upheld and denounced; travestied, ridiculed, and even preached against. No book, for many years, had made so great a sensation. The anniversary of this literary sensation was celebrated by the publication of a second novel in the April, 1888, number of Lippincott's Magazine. It was entitled, *The Witness of the Sun*. It proved a disappointment to friend and foe alike. Since that time, Miss Rives, who in the interim had become Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler, has published nothing save a short story, *Was it a Crime?* in the *London Fortnightly Review*. She sailed to Europe with her husband. It was rumored that she had determined to give up literature and devote herself to art. The former surmise was only partly correct. She had taken to heart her favorite saying: "It is genius to wait." She would wait until her powers had fully matured, until the public had simmered down to a more calm and critical mood. Meanwhile she would cultivate the artistic talent with which nature had endowed her. In Paris she became a pupil of Charles Lasar, in the Rue Vaugirard. She saw a little of society both in London and in Paris, her literary and social position giving her an *entrée* everywhere. But that little appealed only to her curiosity and not to her sympathies. She retired more and more into an artistic hermitage—rising by candlelight, beginning work at nine o'clock, and laboring until dark. Her health began to suffer. The doctor stepped in and put a stop to her art studies. In the spring of 1890 he ordered her to Fontainebleau, where she spent the summer months in the former home of Madame de Pompadour. Subsequently she travelled in Germany, and on her return to Paris attempted to resume her art work.

Again illness interfered. Then, thrown back upon her own resources and finding it impossible to remain idle, she went back to her first love. Taking up her pen, she wrote a novelette entitled *According to St. John*. And now, once more, Amélie Rives's name will be on every one's lips. Her long silence has only whetted public curiosity. The new book will be read with avidity. Will it be a success or a failure—an advance or a retrograde movement?"

Those who delight in a vividly written volume will read with interest *The Coming Terror* by independent and incendiary Robert Buchanan. The book has gone into a second edition notwithstanding the hostility of the London critics and the deep damnation of the newspapers regarding the writer's conception of Journalism. In the *London Echo* Mr. Buchanan writes this breezy sketch of his literary life: "It is not quite thirty years ago, that I, a lad under nineteen, came to London to seek my fortune. I had neither friends nor money. My studies at Glasgow University had been broken off abruptly by the failure of my father, a newspaper proprietor, and one of Robert Owen's band of Socialists. I arrived in London one Sunday with half-a-crown in my pocket, wandering about friendless and homeless, until, in Hyde Park, I made the acquaintance of a professional thief of the 'Dodger' species, with whom I struck up an immediate friendship, and who took me home with him to a 'ken' in Shoreditch. I date my affection for thieves and improper characters from that moment, for my new friend treated me like a brother. Having no aptitude for stealing anything (except ideas from the poets), I parted from that good fellow, not without having acquired some little knowledge of the seamy side of London, and drifted to the house of an old friend of my father, where I found a temporary shelter. I speedily found work of a kind, chiefly on the *Athenæum*, then edited by Hepworth Dixon; and thus encouraged, I removed to an attic in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, where I spent a solitary but memorable year. In these days Bohemia still existed; all the green trees had not been lopped down, the smile of Dickens was still making the streets sunny. Thackeray was twinkling through his spectacles, and his *fidus Achates*, George Augustus Sala, was young, devil-may-care, and merry. Robert Brough, a genius *in posse*, had only

just died, but a band of merry cockneys were still gambolling in the magazines. John Morley, a grave youth, fresh from college, and of indefinite ambitions, was editing the Literary Gazette. 'I well remember the time,' he wrote me some years since, 'when you, a boy, came to me, a boy, in London.' He gave me books to review, and I reviewed them with the splendid insolence of youth. Later came the starting of Temple Bar, and an invitation from Edmund Yates that I should become a regular contributor. He did not even ask what I could contribute, but naming the date of the issue of the first number, asked me 'to send in my copy as soon as possible.' I had, therefore, even at that early date acquired a certain obscure standing. All the first year, however, I was solitary, dwelling in what David Gray called 'the dear old ghastly bankrupt garret,' in Stamford Street. I was utterly alone. A visit to an editor's office, a stray meeting with a superior acquaintance, a handshake, a nod, were the only events in my life. And even then my intellectual pride—my vanity, if you please—was so colossal, my soul was so full of dreams and aspirations, that all the beings I met seemed ghastly and unreal. 'I don't like that young man,' said a well-known publisher whom I once or twice visited; 'he talks to me as if he was God Almighty or Lord Byron.' The only creatures who appealed to me, who seemed to have anything in common with me, were night-birds and outcasts. I have walked for long hours by midnight between Stamford Street and the Bridge of Sighs, almost crying for companionship. The street-walker knew me and told me of her life, as we stood in the moonlight looking down upon the Thames. From the loafer and the tavern-haunter, as from my first friend the thief, I got help, friendliness, and comfort. But I wanted something else, and I knew not what. I was full of insane visions and aspirations. Poetry possessed me like a passion. Reticent by nature, idiosyncratic, opinionated, hating to show my heart upon my sleeve, I had no one to share my sorrows or my hopes. Sometimes a vagrant Bohemian crossed my way, chirping like Autolycus, and for a time the streets seemed full of the singing of larks. Elsewhere there were pipes and beer, Mimi, loose raiment, and loose jokes. But my yearning was not for these, but for the dead poets and the dead gods. My society was composed of phantoms—the Madonna

and the Magdalen, Jesus, Balder, Vishnu, Apollo, Venus, Aphrodite, Messalina, Antigone, Miranda, Rosalind, Christabel, Keats, and his Dark Ladye, Heine speechless, and Milton blind. What had I in common with the cockney gospel of cakes and ale? Much as I loved (as I still love) Dickens and his plum-pudding, I did not care for the fumes of plum-pudding in and out of season. My thoughts were rather with Esmeralda and with Rolla, with Pippa and Fra Lippo Lippi, with Ænone and Ulysses. There were to me two divine living poets—Tennyson and Browning. Clough, the sanest and the least successful singer of his generation, I did not know of till afterward—when I had seen the other two Titans in the flesh, and had cause to be grateful for their sympathy."

A writer in the *London Hawk* declares that "though Mrs. Oliphant has written many excellent novels, even her vigorous imagination has never conceived a career so adventurous and varied, or a personality so striking as that of her late kinsman, Laurence Oliphant, whose remarkable story she tells in the *Memoir* which Blackwood has recently published. Laurence Oliphant was a rover through circumstances as well as by taste. He was a Bohemian to his finger-tips. To some extent his life was a failure. The curse of Reuben was upon him, and, gifted with unmistakable genius, his instability prevented him from reaching the front rank in any direction. He scintillated here, there, and everywhere, but gleamed in no direction steadily enough to leave a lasting impression. He never did justice to himself, and the greatness which his friends anticipated for him he just missed, missed solely through volatility. He was near being several things. He liked war, but was not a soldier; he wrote for the papers, and brilliantly, but was hardly a journalist; he shone in drawing-rooms and might have become a pet of society, but he was not a society man; he had the instincts of a philanthropist, but grew tired of the drudgery requisite to put such principles into practice; he might have been a great author had he cared much for the praises of posterity. But he went his own way toward happiness—he had his own ideas of 'a perfect life,' and who shall say that they were wrong? He remains one of the most interesting figures whom this century has produced, and, as his biographer says, 'there has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philoso-

pher, no such devoted enthusiast or adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary in this Victorian age.' And as to the woman whose devotion and goodness crowned his remarkable career with a halo of romance—one of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with the gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech—such is Mrs. Oliphant's account of the lady whose name she has coupled with that of her kinsman on the title-page of her book, and whom that kinsman, when he grew tired of America, took with him to Haifa, on the slopes of Carmel, where they led an existence of almost perfect bliss until she was taken from him; and with her went the brightness and the inspiration of his life."

A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune declares that to no French critic or translator, perhaps, are modern American fiction writers more indebted for French readers than Th. Bentzon, twenty years a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Th. Bentzon is the pseudonym of Madame Blanc, the only daughter of the beautiful Countess d'Aure. Married at sixteen, divorced at nineteen, Madame Blanc made her literary debut at thirty years, as the author of *Divorce*, a novel that attracted immediate attention and decided her career. Subsequently she has written twenty novels. Many have been translated into English. "What led you to the critical study of American authors?" I asked Madame Blanc one day, as we sat chatting in her cozy salon in the Rue Burgoyne, where on Mondays all sorts of delightful people are to be met, and none more welcomed by the hostess than Americans. "Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, have always been known to cultured French," said she. "Irving is a school text-book. Poe early found a marvellous interpreter in Bourelair, author of *L'auteur de fleur de mal*. A melancholy poet, he, like Poe, was the forerunner of the naturalistic school. As for the American writers of my own day," continued Mme. Blanc, "I turned to them naturally. My attention was called in a peculiar manner to T. B. Aldrich's works in 1875. A young American journalist, Mr. Ralph Keeler, who since perished at sea, wrote me that he had read my criticism of Walt Whitman in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*."

Madame Blanc was the first to call the attention of her countrymen to Whitman's genius. " ' You have taken so kind an interest in our poet,' wrote Keeler, 'that I am tempted, on behalf of my friend Aldrich, to ask you to read Marjory Daw. I think you will like it.' It was so delicately put," said Madame Blanc—" 'in behalf of my friend'—that I was much pleased, and have always been grateful to Keeler for calling my attention to Aldrich's works. In American fiction," explained the lady, "the French are most interested in that which is characteristically American. Here is the secret of Bret Harte's immense popularity. He writes of a life that has no existence elsewhere, a phase that is passing away. Then the impressions of France on Americans are equally interesting. We do not care for description. The French know their country better than the foreigner. This partly explains the failure of Edgar Fawcett's stories to interest. They are too conversational. Salon gossip that lacks French polish strikes us as hard, crude. Mr. Fawcett's poetry, however, is charming. His *Adventures of a Widow* gave great promise. He writes too much, too much. It is a disease of modern writers." Madame Blanc finds much in American fiction untranslatable. Mark Twain, for instance. "I had two papers on Twain," laughed this brilliant Parisian, "and devoted a page to his *Jumping Frog*. The French abhor American slang. Some is pretty, all forcible, but the effect is lost in translation. To show this I put the *Jumping Frog* into academic French. Twain wrote, thanking me for the review, and added, 'I have paid you back. I have translated your *Jumping Frog* into English to show how untranslatable I am.' " Madame Blanc finds Cable a man of great talent. His stories have been translated. His characters appeal because they are of French blood. Henry James she considers the only American writer who has the international sense. Howells is less an artist than James. His *Undiscovered Country*, and a *Foregone Conclusion* are not without interest. The *Lady of the Aroostook* has been cleverly translated. A *Modern Instance* is untranslatable; it is too coarse. Mr. Bellamy, she thinks, has a peculiar talent. The *Quick or the Dead?* she found disgusting, and sees no great future promise in the stories of Amélie Rives Chanler. Madame Blanc's later translations have been confined to the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, for whom she

treasures great admiration. Madame Blanc is a medium-sized woman, with expressive dark eyes and mobile mouth.

Lafcadio Hearn is enamored of Japan; and the New Orleans Times-Democrat gives this authentic gossip of his movements and intentions: "His departure for Japan, something more than a year ago, was no surprise to his intimates who knew that a visit to 'Dai Nippon' had long been a cherished dream of his; and it was expected that some of his finest work would be one of the results of the expedition. From the most reliable source—himself—it is learned that he is, for the time, established as one of the professors of a college in a remote province of Japan, to which Europeans seldom penetrate, 'except,' as Mr. Hearn says in a private letter, 'a stray missionary, at long intervals.' With his remarkable linguistic talent and passion for thoroughness he has already mastered the Japanese language, a knowledge that must be of inestimable value to him, enabling him to understand and judge with justice the nation among whom he has cast his lot for the present. Mr. Hearn has further identified himself with the Japanese by marrying a daughter of that gentle race, one of those lovely women of whom Sir Edwin Arnold wrote: 'But if a foreign sojourner must speak so favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan?' Much ink has been spilt upon Japan. Sir Edwin Arnold writes, in the enthusiastic vein of a poet and a lover, of that fair region 'where the cherry blooms wave;' saying with St. Francis Xavier: 'This nation is the delight of my soul!' But the last word has not yet been spoken. Lafcadio Hearn, who rehearsed the thrice-told tale of *Last Island* with such splendid novelty of effect, can find new wonders and glories in his present home, hitherto unguessed at by the most ardent explorers. Pierre Loti says: 'The yellow race and ours are the two poles of the human species. There are extreme divergences even in our ways of perceiving exterior objects, and our notions on essential matters are often the reverse of theirs. We can never completely penetrate into a Japanese or Chinese intelligence.' But with Lafcadio Hearn such 'insuperable cerebral barriers'

would not exist. Not only has he the clairvoyance, the abnormal insight of genius, but his is a mind—a temperament—that would lend itself readily to Orientalization. Those who have read thoughtfully the works of Hearn can realize that it is not pitching the note of criticism too high to say that, of the living English-speaking authors, he best deserves the name of genius. There has been scarce a dissentient voice concerning him among the critics whose dicta are of weight, except in the case of one or two who have become petrified in a certain literary attitude. He combines the assiduousness of the scholar with the soul of the poet, and his fulness of resources is perceptible in all he writes. Our sturdy and rugged language becomes flexible and musical as he uses it, developing new beauties, new meanings, yet with nothing forced or pedantic in the application. If the subject demands it, his literary style is quiet and clear, marked by composure and argumentative adroitness; but when he gives his imagination full play it glows as with a thousand colors—hues of jewels, of blossoms, of dragon-flies' wings, of drawn clouds, of changing flame, of sunset-fired waters. It can easily be conceived that to one sojourning in a country whose soft climate and charming landscapes appeal with peculiar force to the artistic temperament, surrounded by a gentle and beauty-loving people, our harsher land, our more utilitarian atmosphere, might 'fade far away,' and become dim and vague, even as the things seem in a troublous dream. But Western civilization cannot afford to give up Lafcadio Hearn. After his year of silence we expect much of him, and he will not disappoint us."

The New York Journalist prints this personal paragraph of its handsome and talented Pacific coast contributor: "Eliza D. Keith, whose sparkling papers have appeared frequently in our columns over the signature of 'Di Vernon,' is one of the brightest among the young newspaper women of the Pacific Coast. She is a true child of California. Her grandfather, Joseph F. Atwill, at one time a music publisher in New York City, went to California with the pioneers of 1849. He was a member of the first Board of Aldermen of San Francisco, and an early settler of Virginia City, Nevada, where he held the position of judge, and was a highly respected citizen. Two of his brothers were editors, and it

may therefore be said that the talent for newspaper work runs in the family. Work from Miss Keith's pen has appeared in all the leading papers of the Pacific Coast as well as in many Eastern publications. She has done special articles for the *Alta California*, and for the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, and the *Call* of San Francisco, while the columns of *Kate Field's Washington*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *The Journalist* have often been made brighter by contributions from her pen. To the *San Francisco News Letter* she gives a weekly instalment of sparkling Snap Shots about fashion, men and women, and society in general, which are always bright. In addition to all this newspaper work, Miss Keith is an accomplished school teacher, a favorite speaker at the meetings of the Woman's Press Association, a worker in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and in a Mission Sunday-school. She is the author of many charming short stories, and will soon publish a volume of them."

All students of Russian history are familiar with those warriors of the Don, the Zaporozhtsui—recruited among brigands and fugitive serfs—whose hands were raised against every man, and who knew no law save that of the sword. It was from one of these Zaporog families, which have transmitted to their descendants such a keen appreciation of the adventurous and the marvellous, that sprang the true founder of the Russian school of fiction, Nikolaï Vasilyévitch Gogol-Yanovsky, the author of *Dead Souls*, a selection from which constitutes the famous chapter for the month. Reared near the famous battlefield which witnessed the giant contest between Charles XII. of Sweden and the great Czar of Muscovy, instructed in the old-time songs and legends of the Malo-Russians, Gogol's mind became imbued at an early age with warlike and poetic folk-lore, whence he afterward derived materials for his work. Educated first at Poltava and subsequently at Niezhin, he proved but an indifferent scholar, and finding his way to St. Petersburg he there published anonymously an idyllic story, entitled *Hans Küchel-Garten*, which was so mercilessly ridiculed by the reviewers, that he immediately withdrew it from circulation and burnt all the copies that he could lay his hand upon. His first successful tale, *St. John's Eve*, was published in 1830 and attracted great attention in England. In 1834 he brought out

the Tales of Mirgorod which included the famous epic in prose, Taras Bulba, a narrative of Cossack life, that insured his reputation and placed him in the front rank of the authors of the day. In 1835 he resigned his position as professor of Russian literature in the Patriotic Institute and devoted himself to comedies, stories, and sketches with feverish activity. The Cloak he wrote while a clerk in one of the departments. It was the first blow dealt at the Russian system of government, the second being his famous comedy, The Inspector-General, in which he exposed the venality and underhand intriguing of Russian functionaries. With the present idea that prevails as to the narrow-minded tyranny of the Emperor Nicholas, it seems strange that such a scathing satire upon his government should ever have been publicly performed at St. Petersburg. However, it was the Emperor himself who, after reading the manuscript and laughing at it, ordered his comedians to perform the play; and on the first night he personally gave the signal for applause. The result of The Inspector-General, as regards Gogol, was precisely the same as the result of Tartuffe with Molière; he gained many admirers and a still greater number of enemies; and so sensitive was his mind that, upon being traduced and reviled by those whom he had so commendably denounced, he lost all his buoyant spirits, and hypochondria set in. Thanks to the munificence of the Emperor Nicholas, he was at this period able to leave Russia for a time and travel through the Continent; but the gloom which had settled upon his mind was not to be dispelled, and in writing to his friends he frequently remarked that he felt utterly weary in both body and mind. He had taken away with him on his travels the idea of penning a masterpiece, in which he would say everything that ought to be said for the enlightenment of his countrymen. This was the story *Mertvuia Dushi* (Dead Souls). In numerous respects, Dead Souls recalls the immortal story of Don Quixote. It was to have comprised three parts, but only the first one was ever completed. When the first part was issued at Moscow, in 1842, cries of mingled stupefaction and indignation were raised throughout the empire. "What! was that Russia?" people asked. "A band of rascals and idiots, without exception!" And thereupon the author was denounced on all sides as a renegade and a defamer. He then realized that he had struck too hard a blow and he wrote

numerous letters begging his readers to wait for the second part of his book. But time passed and the second part did not appear. Some crisis of hypochondria mastered the author every now and then and upon one such occasion he destroyed nearly all his manuscript. Then he turned his mind to religion and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, returning to Russia without home or means. Like a true Cossack, he could never linger for long in one spot, but went about from house to house, carrying with him a little bag full of newspapers, reviews, and pamphlets, in which he had been harshly dealt with. A person who saw him at this period of his life described him to the Viscount de Vogüé as a little man with short legs, walking sideways, awkward and ill-dressed, with a lock of hair falling over his forehead, and a large, prominent nose. He was then very uncommunicative, though he would brighten up occasionally in the company of children, of whom he was always very fond. With an unprepossessing exterior he combined great timidity, and his biographers assert that he was never in love. He had but a very slight knowledge of women. At thirty years of age, after the publication of the first part of *Dead Souls*, Gogol's productive faculties were blasted; after that he merely lingered on, as it were, and at forty-three, on February 21st, 1852, he died. His death caused but little stir. Imperial favor no longer upheld him; indeed, the governor of Moscow was formally blamed for having followed his coffin to the cemetery, and Ivan Turgénieff, the novelist, was exiled to his estates for having published an article in which he called him a great man. Posterity, however, has ratified that title, though it is, perhaps, difficult to assign to Gogol any precise place in the literary Pantheon. M. Merimée places him there beside Dean Swift, but the Viscount de Vogüé would prefer to find him a niche of honor between Cervantes and Le Sage. Be this as it may, it is at least certain that *Dead Souls*, his unfinished masterpiece, has for forty years remained the greatest work of fiction in the Russian language. The incidents of the story are ever fresh in people's minds, and are constantly alluded to in the course of everyday conversation throughout the length and breadth of the Russian empire. Many of Gogol's sallies, too, have become proverbial and the names of the personages whom he introduced in *Dead Souls* have grown as familiar as household words.

VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A Spanish Song....Jennie E. T. Dowe....The Century

'Tis my mother's step I hear;
Quick, oh, quickly give to me—
Haste, it is her step I hear—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
She doth fret me night and day;
"Kisses, prithee," she doth say,
"Never maid should give away,
Never maid her love betray!"
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
Have you kissed a man?" she'll say,
And I'll answer nay and nay;
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.

Ænigmata....Barry Pain....The London Speaker.

I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather,
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
The measureless gray that was over them all;

Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken;
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them ever—
The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land;
But they give us a word of their secret never;
They tell no story we understand.

Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder
Knows much in a placid and silent way;
The rain might tell what the gray clouds ponder,
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
Do you know why the wind is so sad—so sad?

Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow,
Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad?

Is the tree's pride stung at its top's abasement?
Is the white rose more of a saint than the red?
What thinks the star as it sees through the casement
A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?

A Lapland Melody....J. P. Sjolander....Collected Poems

Like the adorning of rosy morning,
Sunshine and flower, bird song and dew,
So in my soul, love, you are the whole of
Life and its treasure true.

Dark were my life, love, like winter woe,
Bleak as the east wind, cold as the snow,
Were you not mine, love, as I am thine, love,
Thick would my sorrows grow.

Morning and noon-time, glowing like June time,
Over the mountain, swift as the bird,
My thought does wander to vale o'er yonder,
Where your soft lilt is heard.
And be it winter within the vales,
The tow'ring mountains enwrapped in gales,
My heart's swift beat is warm for you, sweetheart,
With love that never fails.

And when at even bright smiling heaven
Turns gold and purple from rim to dome,
Through valleys hazy, well-fed and lazy
My flock goes trudging home,
And though the sunshine hid is from view—
If it forever bade earth adieu—
Naught could betide me, Love's light would guide me
Safely to home and you.

The Fall of Man....New Style....The National Observer

"As like the Woman as you can"—
(*Thus the New Adam was beguiled*)—
"So shall you touch the Perfect Man"—
(*God in the Garden heard and smiled*).
"Your father perished with his day:
A clot of passions fierce and blind

He fought, he slew, he crushed his way:
Your muscles, Child, must be of mind.

"The Brute that lurks and irks within,
How, till you have him gagged and bound,
Escape the foulest form of Sin?"
(*God in the Garden laughed and frowned.*)

"So vile, so rank, the bestial mood
In which the race is bid to be,
It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood:
Live, you, therefore, for Purity!

"Take for your mate no buxom croup,
No girl all grace and natural will:
To make her happy were to stoop
From light to dark, from Good to Ill.
Choose one of whom your grosser make"—
(*God in the Garden laughed outright*)—

"The true refining touch may take
Till both attain Life's highest height.

"There equal, purged of soul and sense,
Beneficent, high-thinking, just,
Beyond the charm of Violence,
Incapable of common Lust,
In mental Marriage still prevail"—
(*God in the Garden hid his face*)—

"Till you achieve that Female-Male
In Which shall culminate the race."

In Memoriam....Miles Ineson....The Vision of Misery Hill.

At the Cemeteries, "Lone Mountain," San Francisco
O strong young empire, marching free!
At last by this Hesperian sea,
The bivouac-halt is blown for thee.

Thy tents are pitched, thy march is done
Behind thee lies the guerdon won;
Before, the sea and setting sun.

Here, where Pacific's thunderous waves
Resound from headland cliffs and caves—
Behold a hundred thousand graves!

The fallen of an army, these,
That swarmed from Earth's antipodes,
From northern lands and tropic seas;

From every clime and race enrolled;—
An army of the strong and bold,
Recruited at the cry of "Gold!"

And lo! as if by fairy planned,
A city crowns the hills of sand,
And fleets blow in from every land.

Here sweep the winds from western zones,
Fog-laden, voiceful with the moans
Of surges round the Farallones.

Walt Whitman's Farewell....Good-by, My Fancy.

Good-by, my Fancy!
Farewell, dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-by, my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—Good-by, my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really
 blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true
 songs, (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—
 so now finally,
Good-by—and hail! my Fancy.

RANDOM READING: CURRENT TOPICS

Old Friends and New....Platitude and Poetry....London Globe

There can be little doubt that friendship is becoming increasingly difficult. The sensitiveness of modern nerves makes us peculiarly "susceptible of small disgusts," while the multiplication of our interests gives us opportunities for disagreement unknown to Jonathan and David. Moreover, to "dwell in the midst of alarms" is conducive to friendship; and though David had a perilous taste in his fondness for the harp, we are not told that Jonathan was musical. The difficulties of friendship are beginning to be realized, but few of us have the courage to speak of them. Much beautiful poetry, as well as much intolerable platitude, has been devoted to the old familiar face, and you are thought to show an unamiable fickleness if you confess that you prefer a new one. If the goodness of your heart is known, people shake their heads at your flippancy, which it may be considered wise to check by an allusion to old obligations. Only an old friend would have done for you what Jones did three years ago, and, life being as difficult as it is, it is not a bad thing, they tell you, to know a Jones. So once more you acknowledge your gratitude to Jones, and repeat what a good fellow he is. But you have other old friends to whom you are under no obligations; men who are excellent fellows too in their way, and with whom you have no fault to find except that you have come to the end of them. It is only that their friendship has lost its savor; its sparkle and effervescence have evaporated; the gladness of the morning has gone from it, and to be with them is to feel that it is afternoon. The preserving element of surprise no longer sweetens the intimacy. All there is to be known about them you know—the range of their travels, the books they have read, their favorite antipathies, every adventure that has ever befallen them; if you allude to this or the other, you know the story that awaits you, and, no matter what subject is discussed, you are treated to the old opinion. And the misery of it is that you fear your old friend feels the same about you. His face never brightens as a stranger's will when you say your characteristic things, and sometimes, when the conversation touches one of your best subjects, he becomes a little pre-

occupied. Even with strangers you can never be at your best if he is with you, for the thought of how often he has heard it will ruin your most popular story. If you are with him much, you may begin to doubt your originality. He is so penetrated with your ideas that they come to look like a common possession. There is a day when you abstain from telling him things just to avoid hearing him repeat them. When you go down into the depths and speak of your innermost experiences, you are understood so readily that you feel a shallow and simple person. No matter what you may do, he is never surprised. The memory of an old friend is a storehouse for all your mistakes, and in your finest moments, when you feel as if the world were at your feet, as if you were lashing the horses of the triumphal chariot of your success, at a look from him you remember your falls. The smile on the dear old face reminds you at once that you are mortal. Friendship to him may be as sacred as the seal of the confessional, but a confessor is a person of whom it is possible to see too much. It is not well that there should be more than one key to the cupboard where we keep our skeleton. There may be much comfort in an old coat, but there is something very inspiring in a new one. The charm of new things belongs eminently to the beginning of a friendship. As love is born of a glance, so an intimacy may spring from an allusion; a line from a favorite author, a stray shot at an old aversion, the mere turn of a phrase and the stranger of an hour ago has excited our curiosity by suggesting indefinable possibilities. One good thing leads to another; we, too, are provoked to say something interesting; it is appreciated, and more good things follow. We are sorry when the time comes for us to shake hands, and look forward to our next meeting. Sir Willoughby Patterne is not the only egoist who likes to be with people who encourage him to be at his best. When we meet again we find ourselves to be well over the border, to have made considerable progress into the new country. And how refreshing it is! The old jokes, the old stories, the old experiences and adventures—what exhilaration there is in telling them again to some one who really enjoys them. Our travels, for instance, had been listened to with so much indifference of late that it had seemed scarcely worth while to have taken them, and our choicest anecdotes had so often hung fire that we had begun to sus-

pect their point. Our new friend puts us right with ourselves; his ready laugh makes us feel that we are not less entertaining than we had fancied. Sympathy is a priceless thing; but there is some gain in not being known too intimately. With the new friend you can make a fresh start; he begins to read the book of your life at the page you show him, and of those earlier chapters of which you have grown tired he remains conveniently ignorant. When he sees the laurel in your hair, he will not remind you of the vine leaves. And as one grows older one becomes more prudent in making friends. In youth an apparently good heart and the accident of propinquity are often quite enough to make one give one's self away; but when one has learned the awful possibilities of boredom one is very much slower to expand. One thinks of the future, and remembers that one has many moods. Algernon is a noble fellow, and it moves us finely to hear him when he tells of his Passion for Humanity; but there are many days when the thought of our fellow-men plunges us into depths of cynicism, and what shall we do with Algernon then? Or to-day we would be grave and make another attempt to square the circle, and it grieves us if one shall play dance music on the pipe. And herein will be found the conclusion of the whole matter. For the secret of successful friendship consists in not requiring too much of any one person, but in realizing that there is a time and a use for all men as for all things, and so in always being careful to adjust our friends to our different moods.

What is Inheritance....Dr. Alexander Wilson....Harper's Magazine

It is not difficult to understand Mr. Darwin's explanation of the mystery of inheritance. Starting with the fact that an animal's body is essentially built up of multitudes of living cells aggregated to form its tissues and organs, he assumed that from these cells at large, minute particles, called "gemmules," were perpetually being given off. The gemmules, like their parent cells, were capable of self-reproduction and development; but the special fate which, according to the theory before us, awaits these particles is their collection and aggregation in the reproductive organs of the form to which they belong. Each gemmule was assumed to be a representative of the cell or cells which gave it origin; so that in the egg-producing organs in which the gemmules were at

last collected there was really contained a kind of bodily microcosm. From this thought to another, which held that the egg or germ was therefore to be regarded as composed of gemmules derived from every part of the parent body, was an easy step. When this egg developed into a new being, it was not surprising that the young animal should reproduce the likeness, traits, and tendencies of the parents, seeing that the egg was merely a replica in miniature of every part of the parental system. Supposing, further, that in each egg or collocation of gemmules some failed to develop or to take any active part in producing the young animal, then, said Mr. Darwin, such latent gemmules, transmitted with the rest and waking up at a future period, would reproduce the features of the special parent stock whence they were derived. If it happened that meanwhile any variation of the race had occurred, these latent particles would develop differently from their neighbors. Hence would arise the "throw backs" or "reversions" to a former type, which are common enough in most animals and plants. On this supposition, if a pigeon bearing the features of the Blue Rock should occur among the progeny of any fancy breed, the reversion would be explained on the idea that latent gemmules derived from a far-back rock-pigeon breed had at last woke up into developmental vitality. This epitome of Mr. Darwin's theory may serve to render clear his main teachings on the subject of inheritance. However much of late days the theory of pangenesis has passed into the background of scientific thought, there can be no question, I think, that it was capable of being supported by not a few facts culled from the stores of biological learning. First of all, we find evidence in many plants, and in not a few lower animals, that the power of reproducing their like is not limited to the egg-producing organs, but is, so to speak, possessed by all or nearly all the bodily tissues. The well-known begonias can give origin from their leaves to new plants and a species of *Bryophyllum* produces buds which give origin to young plants on the margins of its leaves. There are also cases familiar to botanists in which cells of well-nigh every part of a moss may produce new individuals; and for that matter, when a gardener slices a potato tuber or stem in halves, and plants it in the expectation that a new plant will arise from each "eye," or bud, he is reducing to practical demonstration the main fact

on which Darwin's theory is founded. The animal world is prolific in similar illustrations of the power which is occasionally diffused through the tissues of living beings to reproduce new individuals. The little fresh-water hydra, which exists as a tubular animal attached to water-weeds, will bear a very large amount of artificial division of its body, as Trembley long ago proved, each portion growing in due time into a perfect hydra. More familiar ground may be touched upon if we cite the case of the sea-anemones, which may be variously divided, almost to the verge of extinction, and yet triumphantly survive the operation by the production of fresh individuals. What we name budding or gemmation in animals, well seen in the beautiful colonies of zoophytes which grow on oyster shells, is only another and more natural phase of this tendency in lower life to multiply parts or individuals without the intervention of eggs at all. A fresh-water worm may be seen to develop two or more heads at intervals among the ordinary joints of its individual body. Soon these heads acquire full development, and the original worm-body breaks into as many new forms as there are heads. All these examples appear to be explicable only on the ground that scattered through the body of the animals and plants in question there are cells, gemmules, or other elements which are capable of giving origin to new beings independently of the ordinary processes of reproduction; and if so much be admitted, Mr. Darwin's theory may claim that its primary assumption is so far proved and verified. If we add the fact that, in the lowest animals, the bodies of which consist each of a speck of protoplasm, the mere division or breaking of the body into two portions suffices to develop two new individuals, the case for the foundation of pangenesis is by so much the more made strong. It would appear to be a rule or law of lower life that all parts of the body discharge all functions—one and the same particle of protoplasm eats, digests, moves, and reproduces the species—and it is not to be regarded as wonderful either that this power should have survived in higher ranks of life, or that in the highest grades it should have given place to another method of reproduction, that by means of eggs. If we suppose that the germ, as Darwin presumes, was formed of and by the gemmules gathered from all parts of the body, we can see that the cells formerly able to reproduce in lower life new individuals di-

rectly have simply handed over this power in higher life to their common representative, the egg. Life's advance and progress have concentrated a power once common (as in the animalcules of to-day) to the whole body, into special cells of that body, which we name eggs or germs.

Excuses....Facility in their Manufacture....Once a Week

There are two mental operations which are performed with wondrous quickness by most of us; the one is finding reasons for self-praise when we have done well or have been fortunate, and the other is finding equally striking reasons for self-defense when we have done wrong. Remorse is common enough, and the wildest self-reproach may be indulged in by those who are suffering from mental and bodily depression; but we are all well aware that, when a man speaks ill of himself, he does not in reality want us to believe him. As soon as the body regains tone and the clouds consequently pass from the mind, the self-accusing victim is almost certain to take comfort by thinking that he is not so bad after all. Certain minds, even in presence of gigantic troubles, make us think with comic emphasis of the injudicious trooper who finds himself in the guard-room in the morning. He is frantic in his denunciations of his own folly; then he has his interview with the officer, and gets off lightly; then his spirits revive, and before the evening he has marshalled so many plausible excuses for himself that, instead of loudly proclaiming his own folly, he is rather inclined to call the corporal of the guard a meddling villain. In matters of moment we see the same mental attitude taken up by people who quite fail to see the droll side of their own conduct, and the observation of one and another has often made us think that repentance is liable to be evanescent and that self-approval is the permanent tendency of men's minds when all is said and done. In the old days the religious men who worked among the masses were much exercised in mind by the poor souls who became what was called "converted" during fits of wild depression. As each man regained health and nerve and self-respect under the wholesome discipline of his new companionship, life began to look cheerful for him. Then a pleasant conviction of his own merits took possession of him; then he began to make excuses for his conduct in the days of darkness—and that was the dangerous moment when

a wise guiding spirit was needed to prevent him from straying back to his old ways out of sheer lightness of heart. The memory of sin died away for the moment and a phalanx of excuses stood up in close order to gratify the reclaimed one. Gamblers are of all men the most prone to make excuses for going on with their silly mode of courting ruin. "This is the very last time." That one phrase has been uttered a thousand times by gamblers, and is in itself a thoroughly insidious excuse. The man flatters himself that he is showing iron strength of will, since he has fixed a term to his insanity; whereas the very step which he takes on the basis of his new resolution is an evidence of extreme weakness. Of course, if he wins, he has a new set of excuses quite ready. "The luck has changed at last! Should I not be a fool to myself if I did not go on and make up my past losses? A run of luck always lasts; and, if everything goes right, I'll never play again." Invariably the end of all this vacillation is the same; and the old round begins with the old saying, "Only once more!" But, as has been demonstrated, the thorough-paced villain is the best possible hand at making excuses for himself. That arch-scoundrel Benvenuto Cellini contrives to approve all his own deeds, and he tells the most dreadful stories of crime and meanness without giving one sign of sorrow or of anything but satisfied vanity. If ever a knave deserved the whip, this knave did; yet with childlike simplicity he prattles on about his villanies, and he evidently believes that his murders and other little indiscretions were forced upon him by unpleasant persons who did not recognize the claims of genius. If we go to any prison in Britain, we shall find that one string of canting excuses will be the staple talk that any given prisoner utters. As men and women rise higher in intellect and in purity of thought, egotism fades away; but the ordinary human being is nearly always ready to assert that any course which he has chosen to take is the only right one, and it requires a very scanty amount of sound argument to establish his case in his own eyes. Very strange are the pleas put forward by cautious young men who wish to excuse themselves for deserting a girl whom they have drawn into an aimless flirtation. The usual course followed by one of the troop who love, or pretend to love, and sneak away, is as simple and cunning as it is mean and obvious. First of all, the youth establishes a friendship with

the girl; then he gradually takes his place as her most accustomed companion; then he monopolizes her. All the young fellows who had ever cast eyes on her take for granted that her fate in life is settled, and they leave her to the mercy of the weak and backboneless person who has not the heart to say, "I love you," or the pluck to say, "I do not love you." No—he has his amusing flirtation, and his vanity is tickled exquisitely by seeing a good girl kept to some degree in dependence on his will. The mild delights of the male flirt are his to the full, and he knows that his simple victim makes excuses for him and trusts him. Then comes a time when his very tame semi-courtship must cease, or else he will be brought to the point and forced to say what is in his mind. (The question as to whether he has a mind or a soul or a tincture of manhood is one too deep for us.) He is too acute to let matters reach a dangerous stage, so his precious conscience begins to press him. He has enjoyed some years of delicate relaxation, a gentle and pleasant female companion has been ready to add a simple grace to his leisure, and he is not in the slightest degree compromised. Catch him! A poor, foolish, noble giant like Burns may throw away life on a rash marriage, but our cautious young man is not so unwise. Besides, he probably has an eye on a girl with money, and the companion who has served him for pastime does not possess a letter on which damages can be claimed. So the process of disentanglement may begin; and we may say that, when a being of the sort we are describing wants to excuse his own baseness, he nearly always brings forward religious motives, and hence, to our mind, the baseness he seeks to whiten is rendered blacker. He is not sure that his choice was not premature; he fears lest the young girl's views might in some respects clash with his own; he thought that his feelings were ardent, but, for some inexplicable reason, he has grown cold, and he feels that he cannot give all the love which is demanded by so sacred a bond as marriage; he has wrestled with himself, he has even prayed on the subject, but he cannot see his way clear. When one comes to that inevitable touch about the praying, one is apt to forsake the calm of judicial thought and to have a great longing to find out the girl's brother. Then to that brother most of us would say, "Friend, take this money. Go and buy boots with secure double soles. Take this efficient ash-plant, and

see that it has no blemish. Then meet Mr. Blank, and have one sweet exciting interview with him." It is savage. But the droll side of this business is that the snéak who works all the mischief is absolutely slaving with self-pity, and the arguments given to prove his own saintliness and probity are copious enough to astound one. As for the girl—well, we all know what becomes of her—the short time of bewildered surprise, the lapse into ill-health, the recovery, and then the long, silent, patient old-maidhood. These things as often as not are her portion, while the maker of excuses goes free. What a joy it must be to righteous minds if he has the fortune to marry a shrew who makes life a battle and a march to him. Then we must think of the excuses that should and must be made for our companions in our weird and wondrous pilgrimage. We should be stern to bad and cruel people—no mercy for them, whoever else may find grace—but the erring creatures who work folly or wrong through weakness need our pity and pardon very sorely, and it should not be withheld. As to genius, we can only repeat that, if genius does not behave itself, it must take the consequences—that, if genius is selfish, it should meet the hard fate which the Fates lay down for the selfish. But weakness craves tenderness, and it craves the support of strength, and we must not stint excuses. For heroes, thinkers, mighty workers, statesmen striving to do well we must all make excuses. When we come to examine the secret life of any great statesman, we may be almost sure that we shall be forced to pity him when we find how high were his aims and how sorely he was thwarted by mean influences around him. A man starts with the proudest resolve to do well; but, when the crush of mean intrigue goes on around him, he finds that little cords, like the delicate bonds of the Lilliputians, constrain him to march in any road save the one which he longs to keep. Taking all things into account, it seems that we may condense the old selfish motto into a very few words, and put forward as our best aspiration, "God help us all!"

Discovery of the Soul....F. Max Müller....The Open Court

We cannot take the name and concept of a soul in man for granted, and proceed at once to the question how that soul came to be considered as immortal. We have to find out, first of all, how such a thing as a soul was ever spoken

of and thought of. To us the two words, "body and soul," are so familiar that it seems almost childish to ask the question how man at first came to speak of body and soul. But to have framed a name for soul is by no means a small achievement, and I have no doubt that it took the labor of many generations before it could be accomplished. There was no conclave of sages, who tried to find out whether man had a soul, and what should be its name. If we follow the vestiges of language, the only true vestiges of all intellectual creations, we shall find that here also man began by naming the simplest and most palpable things, and that here, also, by simply dropping what was purely external, he found himself by slow degrees in possession of names which told him of the existence of a soul. The belief in a soul exactly like the belief in gods, and at last, in one God, can only be looked upon as the outcome of a long historical growth. It must be studied in the annals of language, in those ancient words which, meaning originally something quite tangible and visible, came in time to mean something semi-tangible, something intangible, nay, something infinite in man. The soul is to man what God is to the universe. When we remember what is now a fact doubted by no one, that every word in every language had originally a material meaning, we shall easily understand why that which at the dissolution of the body seemed to have departed, and which we consider the most immaterial of all things, should have been called at first by the name of something material—namely, the airy breath. This was the first step in human psychology. The next step was to use that word "breath" not only for the breath which had left the body, but, likewise for all that formerly existed in the body—the feelings, the perceptions, the conceptions, and that wonderful network of feelings and thoughts which constituted the man, such as he was in life. For all this depended on the breath. The third step was equally natural, though it soon led into a wilderness of imaginations. If the breath, with all that belonged to it, had departed, then it must exist somewhere after its departure, and that somewhere, though utterly unknown and unknowable, was soon painted in all the colors that love, fear, and hope could supply. These three consecutive steps are not mere theory, they have left their footprints in language, and even in our own language these footprints are not yet alto-

gether effaced. This linguistic process which led to the formation of words for the different phases of the intellectual life of man is full of interest, and deserves a far more careful treatment than it has hitherto received, particularly at the hands of the professed psychologist. What is quite clear is that all the words of the psychological terminology, for instance, the Homeric expressions "Psyche," "Menos," "Thymos," "Phrenes," begin as names of material objects and processes, such as heart, chest, breath, and commotion, just as the names of the gods begin with the storm-wind, the fire, the sun, and the sky. At first every one of these words was capable of the widest application. But very soon there began a process of mutual friction and determination, one word being restricted idiomatically to the vital breath of the life, shared in common by man and beast, other words being assigned to the passions, the will, the memory, to knowledge, understanding, and reasoning. We have seen that the way which led to the discovery of a soul was clearly pointed out to man as was the way which led to the discovery of the gods. It was the breath which almost visibly left the body at the time of death that suggested the name of breath, and afterward the thought of something breathing, living, perceiving, willing, remembering, and thinking within us. The name came first, the name of material breath. By dropping what seemed material even in this airy breath, there remained the concept of what we call the soul. The belief in the continued existence of the soul after death, and in its liability to rewards and punishments, seem as irresistible to-day as in the days of Plato. Man, if left to himself, has everywhere arrived at the conviction that there is something in man or of man besides the material body. This was a lesson taught not so much by life as by death. Besides the body, besides the heart, besides the blood, there was the breath. Man was struck by that, and when the breath left the body at death, he simply stated the fact, that the breath or the *psyche* had departed. All the speculations concerning the true nature of that *psyche* within, belong to the domain of psychology.

MY SISTER'S STRANGE STORY *

Presently Sylvia stopped at the little door which opened upon the burying-ground.

"Let us leave the garden," she said. "Let us go into the burying-ground—here is spring, and that means love and hope. I have nothing more to do with spring. There are graves—and they mean dust and death."

She lifted the latch and we stepped out into the crowded graveyard behind the church. Here the stones, standing thick together, gray by day, were now silvery white in the moonlight or black in shadow. The grass grows long in summer, but it was now still, short, and underfoot it was soft and damp. Among the graves Sylvia told me for the first time the truth of what had happened to her.

Sylvia sat down on one of the tombs and threw back her hood. The evening breeze played in her light-brown curls, and the moon made her blue eyes shine large and ghostly. It might have been a ghost among the graves. I believe it is not lucky to sit on a grave, but nobody, surely, could be more unlucky than my sister at that period.

"Brother," she said, holding my hand, "I am, indeed, the most miserable creature in the whole world."

"It will pass, my dear. Everybody is agreed that it will go away. You will awake some morning and find yourself in your right mind."

"Never—my mind is not disordered. I know very well what I am saying, and what has befallen me."

"That," I said, "is what no one can understand."

"Everybody blames me—I know that everybody calls out upon me for a wicked wretch thus to throw over the bravest lover ever woman had."

I could not say her nay. I blamed her myself. I thought if she even now were to resist this devil, he would flee her.

"My father looks upon me with reproach, though he says nothing. My mother rates me morning, noon, and night. These reproaches sink into my very soul, brother, yet I can do nothing to escape them. What have I to say, she asks me, against that poor fellow? Is he not my old companion

* From Walter Besant's new novel, "St. Katherine's by the Tower."

Harper and Bros.

—my old friend—my old playfellow? Have I not known him all my life? Is it not certain that he loves me fondly? Do I want a man sent down from heaven direct? What am I to do, Nevill? What to say? Oh! What to do or to say?"

"If I were you, Sylvia, I would send for George and say yes, without more ado."

"I cannot—oh! I cannot. For the life of me, I cannot."

"Why not? What is to prevent you? Why, sister, you were not wont to be so dainty and whimsical. You cannot expect a man to be made on purpose for you. Besides, you were always so fond of him."

At these words she fell to crying pitifully; but, for some time would say nothing to the purpose. So I waited, only begging her to tell me all, if only to lighten her heart.

"You call it a whim, Nevill. When did you know me to have whims at all?"

No, nor any one else—no one ever knew her to have whims. A more honest girl never lived, nor a more candid soul. Sylvia was never whimsical.

"I will try to tell you," she said, "what has befallen me. I will tell it as well as I can. You won't laugh at me, Nevill, because it is as true as death, and more dreadful to me than death itself. But I am afraid—I shall tell the story badly—you will not believe me——"

"I shall believe you, sister. Be sure of that."

"It began a month ago——"

"What began?" because here she stopped short.

"Brother, I must tell you that every day I thought upon George. Never a day passed but he was in my mind. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'he is eighteen, and a tall lad; now he is twenty, and almost a young man; now he is twenty-two, and a strong and a proper man.' I followed him in my thoughts, seeing him grow, and thinking where he might be—what he was doing—what he was thinking. You know—I can surely tell my own brother—I always loved him."

"I know you did, which makes it the more wonderful——"

"Wait. About a month ago my thoughts began to be disturbed—and that so strangely that I thought I must be dreaming. You know there are dreams, sometimes, which last after a person wakes up."

"What kind of dream was this?"

"A dream about George. I thought that he had come

home, strong and well—just such a handsome man as he is. I saw him open the door, and stand there for a moment; and then, just as he stepped forward with his eyes bright and his lips parted, and his hands outstretched——”

“Well?” For here she stopped again.

“It was a dream of the night, first of all,” she repeated, as if trying to explain the thing to her own mind; “only a dream at first—only a dream. I said to myself that it was nothing more; but then it wouldn’t go away. The dream grew bigger. I saw in my dream the ship sailing home with a all her sails set, with a fair wind. Oh! and I saw George himself on the deck—handsome and strong. He was laughing and talking with his shipmates as is his way; I saw his face quite plain. Oh, quite plain! His handsome, lovely face! Oh, I loved it!—I loved it!”

“Why, there, there, Sylvia!” I cried, interrupting her; “you see that you do love him still—you confess it!”

“Alas! I have always loved him, and yet—— But you shall hear. I even seemed in my dream able to read his very heart, and it was full of love—oh, full of love!”—here her voice choked—“of love of me! And then, as the ship came nearer and nearer to the port, there grew up in my mind a horrible, a dreadful feeling—unnatural. It makes me shiver and shudder only to think of it, and yet I could not put it from me. That was at first in the night only. But when I awoke in the morning, though I knelt and prayed that it might be taken out of my mind, in my heart it never was, it remained. It stayed and it grew—yes, day and night it grew more and more, until my whole mind was full of it!”

She shuddered and trembled, and caught my hand again.

“But what feeling, Sylvia? Tell me more.”

“I know not why, or for what cause—nay, there was no cause. God knows—Nevill—how will you believe me? George became to me—what shall I say? I came to tremble at the thought of him—to shudder and shiver—to think of him with a kind of sickness and disgust—why? why?”

“To think of George—George—with disgust?”

“Yes. There is no other word. My soul is filled with loathing when I think of him—and that is day and night.”

You may believe that by this time I was amazed indeed. I knew not what to think, or what to say.

“Oh! But this,” I presently told her, “is a case for a

physician. It is a disorder of the nerves, Sylvia. It is some disease which has fallen upon you."

"Perhaps—but you have called in to me physicians of the soul as well as of the body, and they have availed nothing. Did one ever hear of a girl who loved yet loathed her lover? I know not who put this thing into my mind, nor why. I know not why it will not leave me for all my prayers."

"Well, but seeing it was like an evil dream, it should have vanished when George came home."

She cried out as if I had struck her a violent blow.

"Oh! you saw—you saw. All of you saw. When he stood at the open door, it was the very face which I had seen in my dream. Oh! the same honest face, bright with joy. And then, when I should have been moved to tears of joy, I was seized with a loathing, worse—worse—far worse than I had ever felt before. My soul turned sick only to look at him. And when he would have taken my hand I—but you were there—you know."

"You swooned, sister. You fell into a dead faint, not once only, but twice."

This was her story, and a very strange story it is. For you are to believe, if you can, that a girl of calm temper, good judgment, balanced mind; not a whimsical girl; not given, as some girls, to hysterics, or to vain imaginings, or, as I have heard of some, to the invention of fables, lies, and false charges against innocent persons; such a girl as Sylvia, quite suddenly, and without cause or motive, conceived in her mind, a deadly loathing of a man whom she had previously loved—such a loathing as is not hatred, but a natural shrinking back from contact, as one shrinks back from a snake—so that for him to touch her hand filled her with disgust unutterable, and had he kissed her she would have fallen sick. This is what you must believe. Why? For my own part, I am not a physician, and I pretend to no opinion at all except that I think there may be, perhaps, diseases of the mind which correspond to those of the body could one find them out. For instance, one falls suddenly into a fever, or boils and blains burst forth upon the flesh without apparent cause, or one falls into a fit without knowing why. So correspondent disorders may fall upon the mind, and if one could discover the correspondent treatment they might be dealt with just as their cognates or similitudes in the body.

But I know not unto what disease of the body I would liken Sylvia's case. That is for a physician to consider.

You may understand that this confession was not made without many pangs and tears and sighs, that seemed to tear the poor child asunder. When she had finished, and had somewhat recovered her composure, I told her she should sit no longer thus among the tombs, and I led her out of the burying-ground into the Sisters' Close.

Here a light in the window showed that the lieutenant and Sister Katherine were sitting together, doubtless talking over their trouble. I, for my own part, was too much astonished to attempt any judgment. Consider the strangeness of the case thus submitted to a young man of no experience, and that this was also the case of his only sister.

We stopped for few moments in the Close to rest her limbs. Then I asked her whether she had perhaps suffered her mind to dwell upon something unworthy of George. Because I had read of men being punished by their own evil thoughts becoming their masters. But, indeed, her pure soul was incapable of dwelling upon thoughts of wickedness. I asked her, further, if she had communicated this matter to any one—to her mother, for instance, or to her reverend godfather when he called upon her.

She replied that she had not dared to speak of the thing to any one; that she had not been able to speak of it; that when she tried to tell Dr. Lorrymore she had been prevented by some means or other, so that she could only give him to understand that she felt as one abandoned by God himself, and therefore a lost, despairing soul; but only this evening had she felt able to speak to me.

"My dear," I said, "this is a case for one much wiser than I. Shall I lay the whole matter before your godfather? Give me permission, and I will seek him to-morrow evening at his Rectory House, in Walbrook. I will tell him all, and ask his counsel. It may be that in a matter which belongs to the soul, a learned divine, when he knows the whole truth, may prove the better physician."

She said I might do as I pleased; but that I was to tell no one else, for she feared greatly lest there should be idle gossip over her—and indeed there was already, as you have seen, plenty of talk, and everybody knew that George had come home full of love, and that his mistress scorned him.

CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

My Love of Long Ago....M. H. Browne....Chambers' Journal

There are faces just as perfect,
 There are eyes as true and sweet,
 There are hearts as strong and tender
 As the heart that's ceased to beat,
 There are voices just as thrilling,
 There are souls as white, I know,
 As hers were when she went from me—
 My love of long ago.

New lips are ever telling,
 The tale that ne'er grows old;
 Life's grays are always changing
 For some one into gold;
 But amid the shine and shadow,
 Amid the gloom and glow,
 She walks with me, she talks with me—
 My love of long ago.

When I think of all the changes
 That the changing years have brought,
 I am glad the world that holds her
 Is the world that changes not—
 And the same as when she left me,
 She waits for me, I know—
 My love on earth, my love in heaven,
 My love of long ago.

Splendide Mendax....The London Hawk

When God some day shall call my name,
 And scorch me with a blaze of shame,
 Bringing to light my inmost thought,
 And all the evil I have wrought!

Tearing away the veils I wove
 To hide my foulness from my love,
 And leaving my transgressions bare
 To the whole heaven's clean cold air.

When all the angels weep to see
 The branded outcast soul of me,

One saint at least will hide her face,
She will not look at my disgrace.

"At least, O God—O God most high
He loved me truly!" she will cry;
And God will pause before He send
My soul to find its fitting end.

Then, lest heaven's light should leave her face,
To think one loved her, and was base,
I will speak out at Judgment Day,
"I never loved her!" I shall say.

Andenken....M. E. W....Providence Journal

They were yellow, time-worn letters
That I came across to-day,
And the silken string that tied them
Fell in crumbling threads away,
While I turned them over slowly
With a half-amused regret,
Till there fluttered from the pages
A spray of mignonette.

It had long been dead and withered,
But a hint of past perfume,
Wafted from the dingy petals,
Seemed to float across the room,
Where I lingered idly reckoning
What a train of suns had set
Since loving fingers laid in mine
That faded mignonette.

Dim and shady was the garden
Where one summer-time it grew,
In among the homely posies
That a by-gone fashion knew;
And along the trim-clipped alleys
I could see her flitting yet,
Like a humming-bird to rifle
The beds of mignonette.

How the hawthorn blossoms drifted
Pale and pinky through the boughs!
What a stirring in the beeches,
Where the blue-birds used to house!

As I hurried out to meet her,
 Through the grass with dew still wet,
 Just to beg by way of greeting
 A bit of mignonette.

Oh, the magic of a memory!
 That was years and years ago;
 But again upon my forehead
 I could feel the warm wind blow;
 And the hopes, the fears, the longings,
 That our older hearts forget,
 At the sight of you grew restless,
 Poor faded mignonette!

Thought....L. E. Mosher....Overland Monthly

I held my sweetheart's hand in mine;
 I looked into her dreamy eyes, and saw
 My own face mirrored there. She spake—
 The air was thrilled with rhythm, and the birds
 Entranced, forgot their songs and listened
 Unto her. She ceased—her ripe lips shut
 The portals of her soul, and all alone
 She plunged into the whelming sea of thought—
 Into that sea which has no shores, no tides,
 But which is peopled thick with lives
 And beating hearts. Fathomless, waveless,
 Wider than eternity, clearer than the skies,
 Darker than depths of hell, this sea
 She entered in alone, and I with her fair hand
 To lip, was far away as had a life-time swung between.

The Things in the Bottom Drawer....The Detroit Free Press

There are whips and toys and pieces of string,
 There are shoes which no little feet wear;
 There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
 And tresses of golden hair;
 There are little dresses folded away
 Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn;
 There are toys and models of ships:
 There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
 And marked by the finger tips

Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken all mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by water and flood;
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She has lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

Ghosts....From the Somerville Journal

A turn of the head, a gesture slight
Of that girl, unknown, in the window there,
Recall in a flash to my mind the night,
The fateful night, of our parting: where
We stood opposed; her angry glance,
Her small hand clenched in passionate rage,
Ah! that was the end of our romance,
And we both wrote *Finis* upon the page.

And yet, was it ended, when here to-night
A girl's slight movement, as it appears,
Can call up memories, clear and bright,
That I thought were dead for all the years
Of life for me? And the thought comes now,
If she, by a chance, some man should see
Whose face or whose ways were mine, somehow,
Just what and how would she think of me?

VANITY FAIR: FADS AND FASHIONS

The Summer Girl....Nym Crinkle....The New York Advertiser

Know why? Of course we know why. It is the sweet absence of the theatre that makes one linger in New York now. If you have an eyrie in an apartment house you need not go to the mountains. You shall see Broadway in negligee if you are observant. She has loosened her girdle. The annoyance of society has been removed. The summer is Bohemian. We middle-aged philosophers flirt now with the vacuum. Our princesses are enjoying the balconade at Newport and Lenox. Our matrons are preserving their unbridled decorum in black silk at Bar Harbor. We are left here to our own resources. Keep it dark. It is at such priceless moments that New York uncovers to the deserted man all its hidden treasures. It has depths of summer gardens, where maidens hide among oleanders, and roofs, swept by the night winds, where country cousins look up at the stars and pat their russet shoes in time with the "torch dance." It is the moment when we shed our responsibilities upon a watering place, and sit unencumbered among the girls, who steal in as soon as the hay is raked. Dear little Mahomets, they know that we cannot go to the mountain. Panting, cherry-ripe summer hours in the city; mad reveries on the Staten Island boat, thrummed to the Nirvana of July by Italian strings; Casino nights gurgling themselves away in limpid beer; Musée matinees. Ah! what a silken jostle of hay-smelling maids, ox-eyed and laughter-shedding! Fourteenth Street of an afternoon is like an English fair. The great bazaars are jocund with rural health. And our cousins—sweet collective alias that—they know when we are bereft. They always come trooping in when we need female society. We have to take them to the Eden Musée, don't we? It is the first thing they ask for. Then they have to eat an Italian table d'hôte dinner—and try to drink claret—that is what the Italian restaurateur always calls it—and make us believe it's nice to have everything taste of macaroni and garlic. They always say "gosh" in an undertone at the chamber of horrors, and don't object to come down to our office so they can ride up with us after business hours. I confess I stay in town with a keen luxury, for I like the country cousin. I like her in a whole-souled

discreet way. She flirts with a cosmic afflatus. She has a few freckles on her nose. But bless your soul, they are the marks of Heaven's arrows where Sol shot his health at her. She has a liquid witchlight in her eye, as if some of the arrows had stuck by her. Her laugh is a cascade of innocence. When she eats strawberries with a spoon she doesn't giggle and cut the berries in two and stab them as if they were little masculine hearts, and she did it to accommodate us. She is six months behind in the way she wears her hair, but no man objects to that. He wishes to heaven that every woman was six years behind. He hates bangs instinctively, and frizzes tickle him and give him a nervous chill. The country cousin seems to know this instinctively. There is a frankness about her hair that invites confidence. Some inscrutable sense tells you that if you examine it the roots will turn out to be the same color as the rest. Then she never has the laundried air of the city girl. Do you know what I mean by the laundried air? Let me digress a moment. Have you ever noticed how clean health is! Vitality doesn't need as much soap as invalidism, and it provides its own scent. If you have kept horses and dogs you know this. The moment they are soiled they are ill. Did you ever notice how high health radiates from a person. It is an atmosphere. It goes with the person like a nimbus. The artificial life is continually scrubbing itself up to appearances. It suggests corrective Turkish baths, sea salt, apollinaris, vaselin, dyes, and inscrutable protective harness. To come back to the cousins, I suppose I like them because they are vital and not specially intellectual. This shows you how incorrigibly masculine I am. There is no use in my trying to hide it—I am. I'm just brute enough to prefer girls who have the divine endowment of girl. I give them my best feelings at once, and keep my awestruck respect for the intellectual miss who takes Turkish baths and reads Ibsen. I belong to the primordial masculine brute, who has been collapsed since time began by the indisputable and indefinable not-male and doesn't care a raparie in his cosmic soul for star-blown intellectuality in skirts. I ought to be shut up in the Massachusetts Insane Asylum, for this, I know; but here I am, and here goes. All men are more or less Fausts, with an eye to Gretchens, but all men do not treat them as Faust did, because there is no longer an accommodating devil at

their elbow. That perfect soul unity of the Brownings—two poets on a single stem, two minds that beat as one—is not human. It belongs to the golden or paradisaical age. Poets are built that way, not men and women. I find that your nature's brute does not want to marry a critic or a philosopher, and he does not fall in love with an angel. He wants a girl who will think that everything he does is the acme of perfection because he does it. There is a divine absence of reason about this operation that takes him off his feet. The natural adjustment of man and woman must be after the divine plan, through antithesis and not through similarity. It is not equality; it is relativity that cements them. Nature's stimulus is the unlike. The adjustment is a moral one: never a physical or intellectual. For my part, I like a girl who is an atmosphere, not an abstraction. She doesn't bring her cut-and-dried superiority on a silver salver. She merely persists, like music, and puts life in tune. Blessed be girls untouched by the azure craze—how intuitively they adjust themselves to nature's scheme! They just flow into their destiny, if you don't meddle with their girlhood. And how admirably they are rewarded with the protective, chivalrous obeisance of men for it. Haven't you seen this problem work itself out a thousand times? Haven't you seen intellect, precocity, smartness, fashion, art, affectation, talents, and money pale their combined charms in the presence of some girl in a muslin dress, who caught all eyes, enmeshed all the masculinity in the room, and walked off in her heavy shoes with all the desires? She had more girl to the square inch than the rest, that was all. It got into her ill-fitting gown and gave it a glory that no artist could match. Every undulation of it was a law of beauty. Her sex was in her bones and in her blood. She never had to think about it. Her unconscious puissance came through all wrappages like a magnetic current. These are your true summer girls. They come to town when our other girls are building themselves up at the springs. They come like a burst of larks. They have the shimmer of a tropic afternoon; there is corn and wine and oil in their faces. Their lips are the cherries of the season; there is heat lightning in their eyes, and the glad rivulet is in their laughter. They bring the outdoors with them in their spirits. Blue-eyed and black, they have the summer morning with a chair in it, or the summer midnight, big

with dreams, in their glances. June is in their joyousness and August in their kisses. Rally boys. Make hay while the sun shines. In a little while the regulars will be back, and we shall have to put on our dress coats and listen to Howells, and go to the opera and spend our hard-earned money on coupés. Now is the harvest of—girl.

Sweet Smelling Savors....M. C. Williams....The Chicago Daily News

Brought are we in fancy to the Orient by the bare word "perfume." It means "through smoke" and recalls sandal and aloe wood, frankincense, myrrh, and all the other precious gums that from time immemorial have sent up fragrant clouds in eastern song and story; nor is the suggestion a misleading one. Though the perfumer has truly the world for his parish, he would be badly off indeed without India, China, Arabia, Algiers, and Turkey. He may be able to do without them after awhile. Indeed, chemistry is doing such wonder work that in another one hundred years we may possibly abolish nature and depend wholly on art. Certainly much may be expected from a science that from black, dirty, ill-smelling coal-tar can give us the delicate, penetrating sweetness of "new-mown hay" and of carnations. What shall be said, too, of the power that can evolve from black pepper the vanilla fragrance of heliotrope, most subtle and passionate of odors? Doubtless a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but certainly few of the so-called flavor essences owe to the garden more than their names. The flowers grown for their scent are, in relative importance, roses, orange flowers, jasmine, cassia, violets, tuberose, jonquils, and narcissus. Tradition hath it that attar of roses was first used by Nour-jehan, Moore's Nourmahal, otherwise "Light of the Harem." Walking one day in her garden, through which ran a canal of rose water, she spied upon its surface oily particles that excited her curiosity. In sheer idleness she collected them, found them so deliciously fragrant that she at once cried for more, with the result of setting up a new industry among her husband's loyal subjects. Once the precious essence was worth its weight in diamonds; now it fetches but five dollars the ounce. Turkey supplies the most and purest of it. That which comes from India is usually adulterated with oil of lemon grass. True violet essence is one of the costliest things a perfumer keeps in stock. Cassia buds come

from the shrub acacia, grown all over Italy, in Spain, Algiers, and Tunis. It looks like a small, round tuft of orange floss silk and yields a delicate but enduring essence dear to the scent-maker's soul, called there poetically "Moonlight of the Grove." Jasmine is an Indian shrub. Its starry, wax-white blossoms are indescribably sweet. All the burning pain and passion and pathos and mystery of the Hindoo race seem to rise up to you in its breath. The tuberose, too, comes from India and Ceylon. Everybody will recall the fragrance, as of love tinged with death, that lies heavy in its heart. Each perfume of commerce is a bouquet of some sort. A thoroughly successful one means fame and fortune. Atkinson, of London, got rich from "white rose"—which each perfumer compounds differently and which is to-day the favorite scent of English-speaking folk. Next to the flower scents come essential oils from bergamot and other members of the citrus family, patchouli, nard, geranium, citronella, cloves, and so on. Bergamot is got from fruit in shape and color like a very small lemon. The yellow rind is grated off by means of two prickly surfaces, from which the oil is gathered with a fine sponge. The tree, which is closely allied to the bitter orange, grows in France, Spain, Italy, and Algeria. Patchouli is distilled from the East Indian herb of that name. Nard has much the same habitat. Geranium oil, used to adulterate or in place of attar of rose, is made mostly in Spain. Cloves are the flower buds of an evergreen tropic tree. The oil thereof is anything but sweet in its first estate, notwithstanding it gives the fillip of individuality to all the carnation and clove-pink perfume wherein the world delights. Vanilla, a native of Mexico, is now cultivated as an article of commerce pretty well all over the French country and the tropics. It is the bean of a delicate vine. Tonquin beans come from South America and the West Indies, where they grow upon trees of medium size. Those sweet gums, tolu and benzoin, are likewise from tropic America. North America supplies only the humble wintergreen and sassafras. "Crab apple," "hawthorn," "lily of the valley," "trailing arbutus," and such small deer grow here, to be sure, but only in the perfumers' shops. Hindostan sends oils of several very sweet native flowers with unpronounceable names. They are distilled in clay and would be adorable but for the heavy under-scent of sandal wood that comes from the distiller's habit of putting in san-

dal-wood shavings along with the flowers. Vetivert is an Indian sweet herb. The best lavender, of course, is English. But perhaps the oddest of all vegetable perfumes is the South American umari, which is got by raising the bark on the tree trunk and slipping bits of raw cotton under it. They remain there for a month, are taken out dripping with a sweet-smelling sap which is pressed out and forms the perfume of commerce. Orris root, the perfumer's stand-by, the source and centre of half his powdered sweets, is the bulb of the Italian iris, and grows chiefly in Tuscany. It is distantly related to our native calamus, or sweet flag. Linnæus classed odors under three heads—fragrant, aromatic, ambrosial. Good Mussulmans doubtless rank musk with the lost Paradise, which, according to the Koran, is floored with a mixture of musk and fine flour, and the houris who entrance the soul of the true believer are made of pure musk. If they could come to earth just now they would be worth money—especially if built to the Arab ideal, "a load for a camel." Musk in the pod is worth forty dollars the ounce. It is used to fix all other scents. It is an animal product, coming from the male of the musk deer—a small brown creature about as big as a month-old lamb which runs and feeds in the fastnesses of the highest Himalaya Mountains. The best comes from China and is known as "Tonquin musk." It is a dark, reddish-brown powder. All Eastern folk are passionately fond of it. More than one conqueror has mixed musk in the mortar of his triumphal mosque, there to chant their pæans in odor through all coming time. The oldest alcoholic perfume is Hungary water, first made in 1370 and so named from Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who by the use of it so preserved her beauty that at the advanced age of seventy-two she was sought in marriage by the King of Poland. Cologne, first made by Jean Maria Farina in that ill-smelling German town, has a thousand formulas. The basis of all, though, are bergamot, neroli, with musk and attar of rose, all dissolved in alcohol. It is a bit curious that frankincense and myrrh, once so highly esteemed, now hardly have a foot-hold among perfumes. Frankincense is sometimes mixed with other aromatics for pastilles. Myrrh is only in use in tooth powders and washes. There are heaps and heaps more that contribute to sweetness and light. In fact, there is no quarter of the globe but sends more or less. Though the first cost is considerable,

very much more than half of it must lie at the door of manufacture and advertising. Bottles make no small part of it. Glass founders here supply them from designs made by the perfumers themselves. Often the goodly outside has more to do with the sale than the quantity of the stuff inside. Fashion, of course, goes a long way, but the public's fancy for perfumes is as capricious as that for music. The holiday season is the scent-maker's harvest time. If he comes out of it with empty shelves and a full pocket he can be a gentleman of elegant leisure for six months of the new year. That is, he may exercise his nose in search of new smells. When he finds one with a tang of originality he is fortunate indeed. Public taste is rapidly improving, say the wise men. Heavy, pungent scents with a stale remainder are quite gone out before the flower essences so called, which are mighty sweet at first but have the flower-like habit of fading as a leaf.

How to Become Bald....Dr. Alex. Winckler....Illustrite Welt

A clever writer, the possessor in all probability of a bald head, has proved that baldness is a product and sign of culture. According to this savant, a man's growth of hair lessens in proportion to his advancement in civilization. He declares that every anthropologist could prove this assumption by examining the races of mankind. The old Romans then looked upon the bald head from a wrong point of view when they only paid half price for a slave with a shining pate. Nor did the Greeks appreciate baldness properly. Phidias, in accordance with Homer's description, represented Zeus with a head of curls. Our writer, to whom we have referred, would look upon that as ridiculous. A modern, realistic artist, holding his views, would present Zeus with a majestic bald head and the high brow of Charles the Bald. If baldness is a sign of culture, something devoutly to be wished, we shall perform a public service in showing how this condition can be quickly reached. Non-scientific people will possibly study our advice in order to do the opposite, and thus keep their hair as long as possible. We protest at once against such misuse of our wisdom. Before enumerating the ways to become bald, it may be better to say a few words regarding the necessity of an art to accomplish that end. Doubters might say that there was no art in becoming bald; that time and age would accomplish that desideratum

without other aid. "We lose, in the course of time," said Voltaire, "our teeth, our hair, and our ideas." That may be true as far as the teeth and ideas are concerned, but we cannot always depend upon losing our hair. There are many aged men with heavy heads of hair. The hope, therefore, that age will make one bald is deceptive. Persons who long for the proofs of culture must resort at once to methods of art. It is not even possible to depend upon loss of hair after sickness, as it usually grows again when health has returned. But art accomplishes other results. The first good rule is to keep the head warm. In summer, if you wish to become bald, do not wear a straw hat. On the contrary, let your head-gear be a felt or cloth hat, a derby or a stovepipe. In winter always wear a fur cap. While in the house at all times of the year, do not fail to wear a fez or an oil cap. Women whose light hats do not wear off the hair rapidly enough, may accomplish that end by using heavy switches of false hair. A roll of false hair will work even more rapidly than a fur cap, as the hairs will fall out by the hundreds when the roll is heavy enough. The beloved nightcap so dear to our grandmothers is to be highly recommended also. The helmet of the officer and policeman is also a splendid invention. What is the effect of these head coverings? They make the head perspire. Moisture is the deadly enemy of hair. On the temples and the back of the head near the neck, usually untouched by the hats and caps, it is seldom that one sees baldness. On the other hand, the hair usually falls out on the parts of the head which are covered. A bald ring often marks the position of the hat or cap. As perspiration destroys the hair, frequent use of steam baths is to be highly recommended. The habitués of the Russian and Turkish baths can show, almost without exception, beautiful bald pates. As stated above, moisture is the deadly enemy of the hair. Consequently, diving, when one is in bathing or swimming, is a praiseworthy practice. The douche is even more effective. I cannot praise it too greatly. When you go to the seaside or any bathing resort, never think of taking a water-tight bathing cap. The bathing caps are always objectionable. The head must be dipped in the sea water frequently. It will be seen soon that the hair becomes dark and sticky and falls out in great quantities. A sea-side physician named Murphy has declared that the hair will grow in

again. However, do not be frightened at that, as he has never proved his statement up to the present time. Indeed an ambitious man may be as fortunate as the celebrated general of whom Froehlich speaks. The enviable gentleman, who was forty years old, took the sea baths for a time near Trieste. He took especial delight in his reputation as a diver and returned home as hairless as an egg. Salt baths have similar effect upon the users. In Ischl a man, forty-five years old, became a bald-head in six weeks. The custom of many women of allowing their wet hair to dry in the air also deserves to be mentioned here. The moisture remains longer in the hair when allowed to dry, and acts accordingly. The widespread practice of washing the head is a good thing also. A comb with moderately narrow teeth will clean the head if properly used. However, as it does not destroy the hair rapidly enough, it is advisable to wash it frequently. Ellinger has proved from statistical reports that eighty-five out of every one hundred fortunate possessors of bald heads have been accustomed to washing their hair from early childhood. That is really encouraging. The various hair-waters, hair-oils, pomades, coloring substances and other inventions of the barbers and perfumers must be considered also. They are all praiseworthy. The pomades and hair-oils accomplish their purpose in various ways. The warmth of the head makes them rancid and sticky. The scalp becomes irritated and makes washing necessary. The other cosmetics for the hair contain poisonous chemicals. The fluids for coloring the hair, for instance, are made almost invariably, in part, of salt of lead, which not only poisons the roots of the hair, but the whole body, in the course of time. The materials supposed to aid the growth of hair are usually admirably adapted to destroy the bits that may be left on the head of the user. Years ago, in my Therapeutical Lexicon, I gave several recipes to make the hair grow. I am sorry that I did so, and herewith declare that not one of them will accomplish what it purports to do. The secret methods advertised by quacks to recover lost hair are of course not worthy of consideration, from the point of view of this article. Clever men and fools can be caught at times. The inventor of a so-called hair regenerator once sent samples of his discovery to all the members of a famous Academy of Medicine. The physicians examined the ware at one of their

sessions and laughed long over the nonsensical preparation. But a few weeks later, they whispered to one another, when they chanced to meet: "Do you know, I believe they are growing." All pulling, tearing, rubbing, and tossing of the hair aids it in falling out. I recommend, therefore, the frequent use of hard brushes, such as steel brushes. Our young dandies who curry their heads every morning with two brushes, and in the course of the day comb their hair whenever they see a mirror, are on the right path to baldness. That is also true of women who allow their hair to be combed by unpractised servants. As to combs, those which have lost teeth are the best, as they tear out hairs by the dozens. Rubber combs have an advantage in making the hair electric—when in that condition it often falls out by the handful. Singeing the hair causes it to fall out also. The use of curling paper is also advisable. The principal thing is to avoid allowing the hair to rest. Baldness soon results. The use of hairpins is also a good thing. The hairpins keep the hair drawn and injure it in the same way as does plaiting. The savant Cazenave found the heaviest and most beautiful hair on the heads which had never been touched by scissors. People who wish to become bald should have their hair cut as often as possible. It is encouraging to notice that this practice is increasing. Children have their hair cut often in the absurd belief that the hair will become thicker. Again, go as often as possible to the barber's. In the brushes and combs of the barber shop, used indiscriminately upon the heads of all kinds of customers, micro-organisms destructive to the hair flourish in great quantities. The investigations of Lossar, the dermatologist, have proved beyond a doubt that these parasites spread diseases. The dandruff from the heads of persons whose hair is disappearing would produce bald spots on the backs of rabbits or mice. As long as the barbers are not compelled to disinfect their brushes and combs there will be victims ready to purchase hair regenerators. Finally, excesses are destructive to the hair. Cæsar and Louis XIV. both owed their famous bald pates to immoral living.

SOCIETY VERSE: FANCY FREE

Apologia Mea....Frederick E. Weatherly....Temple Bar

Chide not your spouse because he sings
 Of half a hundred loves,
 Of Daphne's hair, and eyes, and rings,
 Of Chloe's fans and gloves;
 This is a mercenary time,
 And these—degenerate days,
 And so your spouse must sling his rhyme,
 Because—because it pays.

Think him not fickle as the wind,
 Nor deem his heart untrue,
 Because he rhymes a thousand times,
 And not one verse to you;
 Leave him to turn them as he will—
 A wife such homage spurns;
 You have his heart, and, better still,
 The guineas that he earns!

Conscience....Harry Romaine....Ladies' Home Journal

I have a tender conscience,
 That measures five feet three,
 Whose slight reproof is worth whole tomes
 Of cold divinity.
 Who leads me by "a still small voice,"
 And, with a loving glance,
 Reminds me while the lamp holds out,
 This sinner has a chance.

Whose form is ever by my side,
 And at the door of sin
 Thrusts out a white and rounded arm,
 And bars the way within.
 No man can ever go astray,
 Who pauses to reflect
 That he must meet those modest eyes,
 And keep his self-respect.

So with a firm, unshaken front,
 I bid old Satan flee—

For I've a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three.

Indecision.....London Vanity Fair

I've decided I shall marry,
Only I'm so hard to please;
'Twixt two maidens fair I tarry,
One is Wynn, one Louise.
Both are pretty appellations,
But by fashion disenthralled,
In their intimate relations,
Wynn and Lou they're often called.

But a quandary I'm in, then,
Should I win Wynn's heart, you see,
I lose Lou's—should Lou's I win, then
I lose Wynn's—which shall it be?
Very hard it is, this choosing:
Lou's I win, or Wynn I lose,
Names like theirs are so confusing,
I'm uncertain which to choose.

My Lady's Flitting.....Howard Seely.....Chicago Figaro

Sunlight never shimmers here,
Moonbeams never stay,
Life is now all dark and drear,
For *ma Bell*'s away.

Gone the breath of violets,
Gone *couleur de rose*,
Madrigals and triolets,
Fichus and *chapeaux*.

Frou-frou—feathers—ribbons—rings!
T'other day left town—
All demoralizing things
In an Empire gown.

Teach me now where Pleasure sings,
To appease my woes!
In the air sad Echo rings—
Only "*Adios!*"

THE SKETCH BOOK: LIFE STUDIES

A Soul-Semblance....A....New Orleans Times-Democrat

She was no longer young, poor Miss Lisle. Her hair was streaked with silver, so that the massive coil was now like to rope whose one strand is gold, the other silver. Her eyes still retained a heavenly blue color, but the observer seemed to feel that many tears had faded them from violet to blue. Her steps were cheerfully taken; but the spring seemed to have lost its elasticity. When her prayers were whispered to her loved God, instead of the "Amen" of former years, she unconsciously muttered, "I am so tired!"

Life with her had passed with duties for mile-posts, and routine for the road which leads on through distance. At every ten of these duties passed, she would come to a pleasure great and glad—a sacrifice permitted her to make. These she would go by with a sigh, for the horrid duties were covered with wreaths of flowers and garlands of fresh green leaves. But whether one mile-post, or ten mile-markers were passed, the result was always increasing weariness.

One morning, just as sleep was slipping away from her, and consciousness becoming more and more a reality that she must rise to tread the path, routine, she felt a light touch on her cheek, and opening her eyes beheld beside her poor bed a radiant youth. His eyes were bright and happy, his smile pure sunshine—a smile of divine love and sympathy. In his hand he held a bunch of heavily fragrant poppies.

"Who are you?" asked the gentle weary soul.

"I am Death," answered the radiant youth.

"Death!" repeated she—"Death! I never heard before that Death was young—was beautiful. Where is your scythe? Where your skeleton body which ever terrifies by rattling its dry bones? Death which makes us glad to close our eyes, to lose consciousness, if only to shut out his horrid grimace?"

The pretty, sinless youth took in his the hands which never on the weary road refused help to any sufferer, and said: "Listen, wearied sister! Death has a different visage for each and every son of man. To the sweet babe, Death is the mother's semblance, which softly takes the infant soul to God. To the brave youth, Death comes like an honored chieftain bearing laurel crowns. To the coward, Death is

some hideous monster, who, far from standing before the dying one, needs but to show his form to hurry the soul into Eternity! The maiden, as she is unselfish or selfish, pure or impure, sees a shining-visaged God, or a grinning devil.

"And to those, whether men or women, who have led single lives of duty, or unrewarded devotion on earth, whose path has always been spiked with thorns, God sends His sweetest angels to bear them on wings of down into a perfect rest. The grave, that to others yawns a gasping pit, is to them a rose-strewn couch.

"Each can be his own judge, as he leaves this world; each can, in the physiognomy of Death, read his reward or punishment. The knowledge comes late, but it comes to all alike. No child of earth appears before the God of heaven without this moment's space for preparation and explanation. Will you come now? You are so tired! but rest is at hand. Come to rest—come to God!"

And they found the *old child* quietly sleeping, and they mourned her dying all alone; they grieved that no prayer had been said to ease her soul of sin. They heaped her bier with flowers, and with sobs told of deeds lovingly done by her to one and all. They did not know—but she *was resting*.

Lovingly they laid the tired form in its home. And they said in awed tones, "She is dead! She is dead!"

Ah! if they could have seen her weary spirit supported by the gleaming youth, who whispered ever and anon, "Rest is near! Rest! eternal rest!"

A Cautious Wooer....Miller Vinton....Brooklyn Life

HE: Would you object to my proposing to you?

SHE (with timorous composure): Not the slightest.

HE: You would be perfectly willing that I should state in a few well-chosen words the length of time I have worshipped and loved you, and the terrible despair which has been mine as I saw you universally adored, and perceived how little chance there was of my hopes being realized while you remained queen over the hearts of suitors far more worthy?

SHE (as before): Perfectly willing.

HE: Would you prefer me to make the proposal standing or kneeling?

SHE (correctly lowering her eyes): I think the latter way would be far better form.

HE: Would you prefer the declaration in language fervid, fierce, and outspoken, or intense, passionate, and contained?

SHE (with considerable promptness): Fervid, fierce, and outspoken.

HE: And would you deem it indiscreet if the proposer, during the declaration, should print some kisses on the hand of the proposee?

SHE (with artless candor): Yes, if there were anything better and more satisfying reasonably contiguous.

HE: If he encountered a feeble opposition merely, would you consider it unwise on the part of the proposer, should he pass his arm around the proposee's waist?

SHE (gently but firmly): It would be, I think, a matter for extreme regret if he failed to comprehend whatever possibilities the situation presented.

HE: And in case the proposer should, after slight resistance, realize these possibilities, would you consider such slight resistance sufficient encouragement to justify him in fondly folding the proposee to his heart?

SHE (as before): Undoubtedly.

HE: Taking it for granted, then, that the last situation has been consummated, can you see no reason why the proposer should not rightfully regard himself in the light of a magnificent success as a wooer?

SHE (promptly): I cannot.

HE: Or why he should not be joyful in the thought that for the nonce, at least, she is his, and he, hers.

SHE (with some impatience): No.

HE: Now, appealing to you as belonging to that sex which intuitively sees and understands the peculiar proprieties of an emergency of this sort, are there not occasions more appropriate than others for a declaration of love?

SHE (trifling nervously with her handkerchief): There are. The elements of time, place, and liability of interruption must, of course, be properly regarded.

HE: Do you believe the present contains those elements?

SHE (trifling more nervously with her handkerchief): I have no doubt of it.

HE: You also believe, do you not, that tastes, inclinations—in fact—all dispositional characteristics are found to be conspicuously similar, more especially in family groups?

SHE (trifling most nervously with handkerchief): Certainly.

HE: Now, for instance, you and your sister are, I fancy, vivid illustrations of this truism.

SHE (elevating her eyebrows): Yes, Mabel and I are, so far as preferences and dislikes are concerned, singularly similar.

HE: Is your sister at home?

SHE (slowly looking him over): I think she is.

HE: Will you tell her, please, I would like to see her—alone?

An East-Side Ball....Ernest Jarrold....New York Morning Journal

The Swelled Head, Juniors, held a ball recently in Pythagoras Hall. All the élite of Orchard and contiguous streets were present and some who hope to be élite when the robins nest again, or at some later period. Mag Reilly was there, but her beau, Prig Kelly, was late. Consequently Mag was that distressful object, a wall-flower, for one miserable hour.

Mag suffered keenly, but none of the boys dared ask her to dance. They were afraid of Prig's vengeance. At last a callow youth, who was a stranger in the locality, and consequently unacquainted with its etiquette, ventured to draw near to Mag. He wore a decent suit of clothing, and taken altogether presented a respectable appearance. He formed quite a contrast in comparison with the rest of the crowd. He bowed politely to Mag and said:

"May I have the pleasure of a dance with you?"

The style, manner, and address of the youth staggered Mag for a moment. She looked him all over, from the three-inch collar to the shining boots, and then exclaimed in tones of withering contempt:

"What! You dance wid me! Naw!"

Just then there was a commotion at the door, and Prig Kelly entered. He wore a red flannel shirt and no vest. His "pants" were supported with one gallus. His trousers were rolled up above his ankles and his hat sat far back on his head. He crossed the room quickly, throwing the dancers aside, and saluted Mag in a deep baritone, saturated with whiskey and plug tobacco:

"Hello, Mag, me jim-dandy crow, what're ye doin' here lallygaggin' agin' de wall? W'y don't ye spiel?"

While these words still lingered in the perfumed air Prig deftly drew from his hip pocket a hook such as is used by drygoods men to drag boxes. Hitching this instrument into Mag's bustle, he gave her a jerk which landed her in the

middle of the room. The exquisite strains of "The Kiss Waltz" floated down from the accordion at the upper end of the hall, and as Mag's head dropped upon Prig's shoulder, and his strong red arm encircled her buxom waist, she whispered in his large ear: "Oh, Prig, this is heavenly!"

Among the Bushwhackers....A Brave Defence....Detroit Free Press

As our brigade advanced, crossing pasture land, sweeping through thickets, and fording a creek which seemed to be all turns and elbows, a man about ten feet from me on the left dropped dead. My company was on the extreme left of the line, you see, and the man was a flanker. He had been shot from the window of a humble-looking cabin which stood in open ground about rifle-shot away.

"Sergeant, take ten men and clean those bushwhackers out and burn the house!" was the order I got from my captain, and a minute later I had a squad marching away.

There had been more or less fighting over this same ground all the forenoon, and the artillery and musketry fire had been pretty hot. We were now driving the line, and as we advanced we found many of the dead still lying where they fell. It wasn't lawful warfare for a bushwhacker to hide away in a farm-house and shoot a soldier in the back. Even if a battle was raging such a deed smacked of murder. If he could shoot it was his business to be in the lines opposed to us. Then if his bullets found a human target it was the chances of war, and if he happened to be captured by us he would be treated as a prisoner of war. We marched straight for the house, expecting that the bushwhacker had fled as soon as he fired his shot, but we had not covered over half the distance when a rifle cracked and one of my men dropped with a bullet in his heart. The nearest cover to the house was a stone fence one hundred feet in front of it and a shed barn about the same distance from the back door. Dividing my squad, and now adopting all the precautions we could, all of us finally gained the shelters mentioned. It was a log cabin, a story and a half high, with two windows in front, one on each side, and a window in the rear.

How many men were in the house we could not say, but as soon as in position we opened fire on the doors and windows. Not a shot was fired in return for three or four minutes. Then one of my men at the wall, who had exposed

himself, got a bullet in the shoulder and crawled away to hide under a bank of earth. Our bullets soon riddled doors and windows, and must have searched every part of the house. We expected to see three or four men dash out and make a run for it, or a white flag to be displayed in token of surrender, but all was grimly silent. About ten minutes after my man had been shot one of the men at the shed got his head out too far while shooting and received a bullet in return. It didn't kill him, but carried away the right half of his upper lip and mustache, passed through his cheek, carried away four teeth and split his ear.

That was two killed and two wounded, and all apparently by the same weapon. We knew it to be the ordinary rifle by the whip-like crack of its report, but there might be three or four men in the house for all we could determine. We kept blazing away at doors and windows on the chance of hitting some one, and from the silence of the next ten minutes I felt confident that we had disabled them. Then I gave the signal for a rush at the house. All of us were up and half-way there when a rifle-barrel was poked through a broken pane and a flash followed. The ball grazed my cheek and struck the man behind me in the forehead and dropped him dead. Next moment we were at the doors, front and back, and they were banged open with a crash.

This is what I saw: A boy soldier lying dead on the floor with an arm torn off by a fragment of shell. On the bed was a gray-haired woman with a bullet wound in her face. Standing in the corner of the room, proud and defiant, with the unloaded rifle in her hands, was a girl of sixteen—a regular country belle in grace and beauty.

"I can do no more. Shoot us if you will!" she said.

"Ay! shoot!" added the mother. "There lies my only boy, killed by your guns this morning. I lie here wounded, and my gal Jin has dropped four or five of you to get even! One gal to a dozen soldiers! Come and finish your work!"

But we simply took the rifle, and left them with their dead.

PRATTLE OF THE CHILDREN

A Careless Doll....From the Youth's Companion

- Virginia Cleveland, I declare!
 You're nothing but a constant care!
 Such habits I must try and cure—
 This time you'll get a scolding sure!
 Of course you're old enough to know
 (How many times I've told you so!)
 It's very wrong to run away—
 Besides, it wan't nice to say
 That Maud and Ethel teased you to—
 For shame! A doll as big as you.

Dear me! This muddy stain, I guess,
 Will spoil your dotted muslin dress,
 I had to put it in the tub,
 And wash, and wring, and scrub, and rub.
 Perhaps you weren't all to blame—
 But you were careless, just the same.
 I might have dropped you in the sand
 That time I heard the circus band.
 And Rover ran—he heard it, too—
 And possibly he stepped on you!
 Oh, if he did, why, then you see,
 I was the careless one, maybe.
 To scold myself will never do——
 But then—too bad; I scolded you!

Bed-Time Fancies....Virginia Cabell Gardner....Independent

Out from the corners and over the floor
 Come flocking and flocking the shadow band;
 I will get in my little white coach and drive
 Through the Valley of Dreams into Slumberland.

I have four black horses that Night has lent,
 I call the name of my coachman Sleep;
 And the little white coach is cozy and soft,
 As I nestle down in its cushions deep.

Heighho! we are off. The horses go slow
 At first, then fast and faster still,

With silent hoof-beats speeding on,
Down to the foot of the Drowsy Hill.

This twilight place is the Valley of Dreams,
Where all the wonderful dream things are,
And the balsam groves and the poppy fields
That stretch on ever and ever so far.

The dream forests rustle their secrets out,
The lights of the dream towns twinkle and shine,
And the white dream ships from the harbor sail
Away to the dim horizon line.

Ah! the sounds of the Valley are growing faint,
Its sights are fading on either hand,
I cross the border still and dark.
And enter the real Slumberland.

Which One Was Kept?....Fashion Bazar

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said, with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair where she sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters;
Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandmamma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

The Resurrection Bone....Andrew D. White....Popular Science Monthly

Throughout the middle ages it was believed that there exists in man a bone imponderable, incorruptible, incombustible, the necessary nucleus of the resurrection body. Belief in a resurrection of the physical body, despite St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, had been incorporated into the formula made many centuries after his time and called the Apostles' Creed, and was held throughout Christendom, "always, everywhere, and by all." This hypothetical bone was therefore held in great veneration, and many anatomists sought to discover it; but Vesalius, revealing so much else, did not find it, and was therefore suspected of a want of proper faith. He contented himself with saying that he left the question regarding the existence of such a bone to the theologians. He could not lie, he did not wish to fight the Inquisition, and thus he fell under suspicion. The strength of this theological point may be judged from the fact that no less eminent a surgeon than Riolan consulted the executioner to find out whether, when he burned a criminal, all the parts were consumed; and only then was the answer received which fatally undermined this superstition. Still, in 1689 we find it still lingering in France, creating an energetic opposition in the Church to dissection. Even as late as the eighteenth century, Bernouilli having shown that the living human body constantly undergoes a series of changes, so that all its particles are renewed in a given number of years, so much ill feeling was drawn upon him, especially from the theologians, who saw in this statement danger to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, that for the sake of peace he struck out his argument on this subject from his works.

Capital Punishment Among the Jews....Mosaic Code....The Green Bag

In a work on the Criminal Code of the Jews, Mr. Benny gives an interesting account of the various modes of punishment of those convicted under the Hebrew law of capital offenses. In accordance with the Mosaic code four kinds of death were inflicted, each appropriate to a distinct series of crimes. These were stoning, strangling, burning, and decapitation. Nothing can be more absurd, says the author,

than the notions generally current respecting the manner in which these punishments were carried out among the Jews. The stoning of the Bible and of the Talmud was not, as commonly supposed, a pell-mell casting of stones at a criminal; the burning had nothing whatever in common with the process of consuming by fire a living person as practised by the Churchmen of the Middle Ages; nor did the strangling bear any resemblance to the English method of putting criminals to death. The stoning to death of the Talmud was as follows: The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet; the higher, within certain limits, the better. The violence of the concussion caused death by dislocating the spinal cord. The elevation was not, however, to be so high as to greatly disfigure the body. This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to desecrate the temple shaped by Heaven's own hand. The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner, in accordance with Deut. xvii. 7. If the convict fell face downward, he was turned on his back. If he was not quite dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of the eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall upon the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary; the semi-stupefied condition of the convict, and the height from which he was cast, insuring, in the generality of cases, instant death. It may be well to mention, in this connection, that previous to the carrying into effect a sentence of death, a death-draught, as it was called, was administered to the unfortunate victim. This beverage was composed of myrrh and frankincense (*lebana*) in a cup of vinegar or light wine. It produced a kind of stupefaction, a semi-conscious condition of mind and body, rendering the convict indifferent to his fate and scarcely sensible to pain. As soon as the culprit had partaken of the stupefying draught the execution took place. A criminal sentenced to death by burning was executed in the following manner. A shallow pit, some two feet deep, was dug in the ground. In this the culprit was placed, standing upright. Around his legs earth was shoveled and

battered firmly down until he was fixed up to his knees in the soil. Movement on the part of the condemned person was of course impossible; but care was taken that the limbs should not be painfully constrained. A strong cord was now brought, and a very soft cloth wrapped around it. This was passed once around the offender's neck. Two men then came forward; each grasped an end of the rope and pulled hard. Suffocation was immediate. As the condemned man felt the strain of the cord, and insensibility supervened, the lower jaw dropped. Into the mouth thus opened a lighted wick was quickly thrown. This constituted the burning. Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious, and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assassination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who wilfully and wantonly slew a fellow-man with a stone or with an implement of stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons who resided in a town, the inhabitants of which had allowed themselves to be seduced to idolatry and paganism. Strangulation was a form of death by suffocation. It was affected as in burning. The culprit stood up to his knees in loose earth. A soft cloth containing a cord was wound once round his neck. The ends being pulled in opposite directions, life was soon extinct. This mode of death was the punishment of one who struck his father or his mother; of any one stealing of a fellow-Israelite; of a false prophet; of an elder or provincial judge who taught or acted contrary to the decision of the Great Sanhedrim of Jerusalem; and of some other crimes against public morals. These four deaths, as above described, were the only modes of execution in accordance with Hebrew law.

A Strange Vision....Warning of Charles XI....Amer. Notes and Queries

The vision of Charles XI. of Sweden was one of the most remarkable in history. The following singular narration occurs in the Rev. J. T. James's *Travels in Sweden, Prussia, and Poland*. The most marvellous part of the whole affair is that, as the reader will see, no less than six persons, the monarch included, concur in attesting to the reality of this wonderful vision. Charles XI. was sitting in his chamber, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, when he was

surprised at the appearance of a light in the window of the Diet hall. He asked Bjelke, the grand chancellor, who happened to be present, what it was he saw, and was answered that it was only the reflection of the moon. With this answer, however, he was dissatisfied, and the senator Bjelke, brother of the grand chancellor, soon entered the room, whereupon he addressed the same question to him, receiving the same answer. Soon afterward the king looked through the window and now declared that he saw persons in the Diet chamber, which was just across the street from the regal mansion. The king now rose and said: "Sirs, all is not as it should be. In the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be." Ordering the two noblemen before mentioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brahe, he sent for Grunsten, the doorkeeper, and descended the staircase, making straight across the street for the Senate hall. Here the party seem to have been sensible of a certain degree of trepidation, and, no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the ante-chamber. To their infinite surprise, it was fitted up with black cloth. Alarmed by this a second pause took place; at length the king set his foot within the hall, but fell back in astonishment at what he saw. The hall was lighted up and arrayed with the same mournful hangings as the ante-chamber; in the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large books lying open before them. Above was a king, a young man, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. At his right sat a person about forty years of age, whose face bore the strongest marks of integrity; on his left, an old man of some seventy or eighty years, who seemed very urgent with the young king that he would make a certain sign with his head, which, as often as he did, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with much violence. "Turning my eyes," says the king, "I beheld a scaffold and executioners, and men with their clothes tucked up cutting off heads so fast that the blood formed a deluge on the floor, those who suffered all seeming to be young men. Again I looked up and saw that the throne was almost overturned; near to it stood a man who seemed to be a protector of the kingdom. I trembled at these things and cried aloud, 'It is the voice of God!' 'What ought I to understand?' 'When shall all this come to

pass?' A dead silence prevailed, but on my crying out a second time, the young king answered me, saying, 'This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age which I appear now to be, and this personage sitting by me gives you the air of him who shall be protector of the realm. During the last years of the regency, the country shall be sold by certain young men; and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne upon a sure footing, and this in such a way that never before was such a great king ever known in Sweden. All the Swedes shall be happy under him; yet before he is firmly seated on his throne an effusion of blood unparalleled in history shall take place. You have seen all; act accordingly.' " This remarkable document, the above being a literal copy, is in the Imperial Museum at Stockholm. It is signed by Charles XI., King of Sweden; H. L. Bjelke, the grand chancellor; R. Bjelke, senator; A. Oxenstiern, senator; Brahe, senator, and Petre Grunsten, Huissier, referred to in the body of the document as the doorkeeper of the Diet hall. Taken all in all, it is the most wonderful vision on record, being the only one that is attested to by six persons so prominent in the world's history.

Childish Superstitions....Their Origins....The Spectator

The more sober and matter-of-fact the people, the more curious are the superstitions that survive among them, in spite of their common sense. It is not only the ignorant sailor before the mast who regards Friday with a superstitious dread. His captain and several other well-educated men share in the feeling. The origin of it is too obvious to need explanation. Equally obvious is the history of the reluctance to sit down at table in a company of thirteen—a superstition which is perhaps more widely observed than any other. The Parisian *pique-assiette* who lives by dining in other people's houses, is often known as the *quatorzième*, it being the chief part of his business to make the fourteenth to the chance unlucky number. Many people will assert that they have actually known cases in which one of a party of thirteen at dinner has died in the course of the year—and with perfect truth probably, for taking the average age of the assembled guests to be thirty-five or over, the mathematical chances, in favor of death occurring among them within

the year, are rather more than one in thirteen. The chance of a death would be even greater if they were twenty, and would amount to almost a certainty in the case of a hundred—an excellent reason for abstaining from public dinners! Another widely-spread superstition is that which forbids a man to walk under a ladder. Some people fancy that this originated from a cautious dread of what a workman upon the ladder might drop upon them, and yet those same people will carefully avoid passing under a ladder which is quite untenanted, and know well that they do so, not to avoid the fall of a tile or a paint pot, but to avoid the fall of ill-luck upon their heads. In former days, when hanging was done after a more primitive and simple fashion than it is to-day, the victim at Tyburn, or elsewhere, had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows for the convenience of the executioner. And he passed under that ladder with the fair certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal at Tyburn could not avoid, the exquisite in Piccadilly avoids to-day, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the roadway. There is a touching humility in the practice. Which of us knows his fate? Though all the world may assure that young man that he was not born to be hung, he is yet not so certain of himself that he can afford to imitate the criminal even in that single and harmless particular. This superstition is a purely English one. Another that is more universally shared is the dread of spilling salt, and it is one which dates from the most distant antiquity. Salt, the incorruptible and the preserver from corruption, the holy substance that was used in sacrifice, could not be rudely spilt or wasted without incurring the anger of all good spirits, and giving an opportunity to the evil ones. Now, the evil spirit lurks, as a rule, somewhere behind a man upon the left side, so that it is desirable, if one wishes to avoid the consequence of carelessness, to throw the salt over the left shoulder three mystic times and discomfit the wicked one exceedingly. It is interesting to view the grave solemnity with which the intelligent and well-educated woman of to-day will perform that ceremony. Does she ever picture to herself in imagination the horrible dismay upon the face of the baffled fiend that grinned in hideous exultation behind her pretty shoulders? Childish though the practice be, nothing in the world would induce her to omit

it. But the list of childish superstitions is endless. Helping people to salt, giving them knives, breaking looking-glasses, and a hundred other misdeeds, are all of them fraught with disaster, and most of them devoid of meaning. No woman actually believes that she has condemned herself to seven years of bad fortune by breaking her mirror, and yet she cannot help being saddened by an indefinable dread that attends that very ordinary catastrophe. No man really thinks that he is altering the course of fate by sitting down to dinner in a company of twelve others, and yet many men cannot do so without a feeling of discomfort. The feeling is well termed "superstition," or that which survives. It has survived, indeed, from the very earliest days of primeval man; from those days when all Nature inspired him with a nameless horror, with the fear of some unseen power, some jealous and malevolent influence, that would surely destroy him if it were not duly propitiated. In no way is this dread more universally and clearly shown than in the superstition which we may call the superstition of the ring of Polycrates. Nothing angers the zealous and watchful power so much as the unusual prosperity of a mortal, and his careless confidence in its continuance, and it can only be propitiated by the sacrifice of something precious, or by a rigid abstinence from all boasting and ostentation. Polycrates, the ancient, threw his most precious jewel into the sea: the modern is ashamed to sacrifice in the same way, but he is also afraid to boast. Should a German unthinkingly assert his immunity from some of the common ills of life—should he declare, for example, that he has never suffered from an indigestion—he will quickly repent him of his rashness, and solemnly rap thrice upon the table while he murmurs the word, "Unberufen"—that is to say, the indigestion is "uncalled for," and he does not want it. Many English people will do the same thing, with the phrase, "In a good hour be it spoken!" It is a kind of *Absit omen!*—a prayer to deprecate the jealousy of Providence—and to reassure ourselves.

Double Consciousness....Psychical Abnormality....British Medical Journal

"Double consciousness" is one among the states of psychical abnormality which are always worth the study, both of the physician and the psychologist, for it may give valuable hints as to what is the normal working mechanism of the

mind, as to how it may get out of order, and, perhaps, as to how it may be put right again. Dr. Trowbridge, physician to the State Hospital for the Insane, Danville, Pa., gives us a recent instance (Philadelphia Medical News, February, 1891). A German, aged fifty-two, with no family history of epilepsy or insanity, began to suffer from epilepsy when stoker on a transatlantic steamer nearly thirty years ago. He had several fits of violent convulsions within a day or two, with complete absence of both *haut* and *petit mal* for about four or five weeks, followed by regular recurrence. No treatment proved of any avail, and the symptoms, when they first came under Dr. Trowbridge's notice, showed more interesting complexity. A pain in the left groin, of which the origin and conditions were obscure, came as an aura, preceding the group of fits by about twenty-four hours, or rather more. Then followed several attacks of *haut mal*, spread over two or three days, and the patient slowly lapsed into his "second self"—a condition of sullen and abusive violence, in which he at first rejected all nourishment, but afterward submitted to be fed. This lasted from five to ten days, and from it he recovered completely in about twenty-four hours, and remained cheerful and well till the same cycle recurred after about a month or six weeks. In the normal states there was no recollection whatever of the abnormal. The two conditions seemed sharply separated. The complete loss of identity and the regular periodicity of the attacks were the points of chief interest to Dr. Trowbridge. There was apparently, however, no recollection of one abnormal state in another, no double memory, implying a double continuity of existence with an alternating personality, a "hidden self," as Professor W. James has called it, which forms such a remarkable feature in Dr. Azam's classical case of Félicité X., and of the cases which have been published by Dr. Dufay, by Professor Ribot, by Professor Beaunis, and also by Professor Pierre Janet, in his striking work *L'Automatisme Psychologique*. At the same time there may be more to notice, for Dr. Trowbridge has not as yet recorded any observations on the memory in the abnormal state, or any experiments by means of hypnotism such as all the French observers have found so useful as well as instructive in recalling in one state the memory and psychical conditions of the other.

LITERATURE OF THE DRAMA

American Play-Writers.....Nym Crinkle.....New York Advertiser

Mr. Charles Frohman, a native husbandman, has gone into the exotic business, and threatens to make the playhouse blossom like the rose with French dramas. He has not only bought all the available plays that he found loose in Paris and London, but it is understood that he has put the French and English playwrights under contract to write for his market. I confess that I do not quite understand this move on his part, because, in the first place, he has been identified with American successes; and, in the second place, foreign plays have not done well during the past season. The policy, boldly announced a season or two ago by Mr. A. M. Palmer, who appeared to have made up his mind to carry out his predecessor's plan and bring both his plays and his people from abroad, did not work very well, and his season closed with an American drama which was altogether the cleverest and most successful of his series. Mr. Willard did not meet with the success here that his good intentions deserved, for two reasons—his repertoire and his ability were not quite equal to his intentions. New York has a habit of drawing a hard line between actors who are good and actors who are great. It always acknowledged that Mr. Willard was good. It never would concede that he was great. In this opinion I agreed with New York. Mr. Willard in particularities, in even studious character work, was always admirable. In great moments he fell short of greatness. It was impossible not to compare him with Mr. Henley, whom he continually suggested, always outbid in thoughtful care and never approached in nervous intensity. His season reminds me, now that I can look back at it with a proper perspective, of an English review—excellent, dignified, slightly heavy, and entirely uneventful. It was unbroken by a sensation and unmarred by a popular success. Here I am reminded that Miss Rose Coghlan and Mr. Mantell both came along in much the same way, and failed to arouse public interest. Their plays were not distinctive. They followed, like Mr. Alfried's war drama, in the beaten track. They were rechauffes, and the material had a warmed-up aspect and taste. They arrested no one's attention. They appealed to no set or class

or prejudice or passion. They had a regulation merit only. Both these players are capable in themselves of arousing interest, had they a timely and adequate theme. It appears, then, to have been not a lapse of ability, but a mistake of judgment. Miss Coghlan follows the beaten track of the adventuress, and Mantell varies his rôles on the string of Loris. If one could get people to go to the theatre simply for that which is intrinsically excellent, there would be little risk in theatrical enterprises. Honesty of endeavor, associated with standard excellence of idea, would do the work, and *As You Like It* would make as much money as *Blue Jeans*. But people go to the theatre under the impulse of mixed and not altogether noble motives. They are moved to discover what they want, not what good taste informs them they ought to have. They want a reflex, either in humor or in serious treatment, of the matters that are in the air. Their interest in *As You Like It* is only so much greater than their interest in *Pascal*, or *Addison*, as the new *Rosalind* shall make it. But their interest in *Blue Jeans* is the interest in an entirely new topic. Somebody has put a drama on in Boston the pivotal incident of which is the common and familiar maternal act of nursing a child. It is the first time it had ever been shown. I have not seen it and do not know how it is treated, but I do know that it attracted attention and excited discussion. This may be art and it may be mere audacity, but in either case it is not a repetition. In looking over the immediate field of dramatic endeavor one must acknowledge that the American play has shown that we have plenty of constructive ability, but it must also be acknowledged that we have not shown a great deal of creative imagination. In this respect the Frenchmen are our masters. Their theatre, like their salon, throbs with themes and burns with the boldness of their treatment. Our theatre and our Academy of Design are curiously idealess. Our artists are painting Italian scenes yet, and our *Rose Coghlan* is still playing—no matter what the name of her play is. The most conspicuous, if not the greatest, actors in our country are Edwin Booth and Mr. Joe Jefferson, and there never was a time in their successful careers that they would not have been astonished, indignant, and humiliated if you had asked them to do something new and up to date. If the tag end of the Nineteenth Century were not bursting with new ideas

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and impulses and aspirations, that ought to find some echo in the theatre, there would be some excuse for this. I think you will find, if you examine this question long enough, that while the *divertissement* field here is open to every enormity, the drama proper is hedged about and beset by puritanism and priggism as it is nowhere else in the world. Take, for example, the most pressing question of the day, "The relation of the sexes," and mark how any native attempt to treat it on the stage will be met by the Hazlitts and Howells of our day. They will not discuss it at all. They merely roll up their noses and hold up their hands and deny that the theatre has any right to discuss it. The result has been that no native dramatist has written a *Camille* for the simple reason that he sees a Comstock in every critic. The other result is that we celebrate a Bronson Howard, who is a painstaking revivalist without the courage of a conviction. The *Clemenceau Case* was damned without ever stopping to inquire if it was the theatrical manager or the dramatist who had spoiled it. *Nadjesda* was hooted at by prigs because it had a gory incident in it, and the prigs rushed away to see Salvini cut his throat and thus soothe their sensitive nerves. One of the best literary contributions to the American drama was *Reckless Temple*. But I have yet to see any such acknowledgment from an American pen. *Men and Women* cut away from the conventional thing in one or two brave scenes. But it was for these scenes that it was roasted. Don't you think, if we had a few dramatists of strong convictions and a few actors of clear judgment, Mr. Charles Frohman might be induced to stay at home and make a fight for it?

The Prejudice Against Players....A. B. W....London Speaker

The prejudice against players is a delicate subject, which the players themselves are, it may be discreetly hinted to them, somewhat too prone to discuss uncritically. At the recent dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the familiar grievance, it seems, was brought forward once more. Mr. Henry Irving declared the prejudice to be "ignorant," and passed some severe strictures on the so-called "theatrical missions" which trade upon it. Mr. John Hare added that it was "bitter and unreasoning," and was sarcastic at the expense of a certain popular preacher, "who, while he reviled the theatre, did not hesitate to transfer to the tabernacle the

more rudimentary tricks and effects of the stage." Both gentlemen, doubtless, do well to be angry. They speak of what they know—of that particular form of the anti-histrionic prejudice which comes home to their business and bosoms. The active, outspoken opposition to the theatre is in the England of to-day mainly sectarian. But the prejudice exists, always has existed, in many other quarters than those in which it finds loudest expression; it is, indeed, common to all societies and to all times. Mr. Hare seems to have underrated its extent and its historic importance. He thinks it is confined to a particular sect, and does not "emanate from the churches where the traditions of culture and liberality have been embodied in a Liddon or a Newman." But what of the bishop, of Liddon's church, who confessed to Mr. Irving that he avoided the theatre because "he was afraid of the Rock and the Record"? What of the bishop, of Newman's church, greater even than Newman, who condemned acting as "the prostitution of a body purified by baptism"? The prejudice is not merely Christian. John Chinaman has no reverence for baptism, but he has decreed that the son of an actor (along with the son of the public executioner) shall be ineligible for the mandarinat. If only for its antiquity, the prejudice is venerable; it came in with Thespis and his cart. I wish Mr. John Hare would take up his Plutarch, and read there how "Solon went to see Thespis himself, as the ancient custom was, act; and after the play was done, he addressed him, and asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before such a number of people." Mr. Hare might then turn to his Plato, and see, in the third book of the "Republic" how unworthy it is of a man to be always speaking in the person of others. After that, he would, I think, have a little more indulgence for the prejudice of Mr. Spurgeon, who after all is only expressing in a somewhat crude and violent form a feeling as old and as wide as the world itself. Actors are admired, applauded, highly rewarded, loved, envied, the objects of the most flattering (not to say the most impertinent) curiosity. Yet deep down in the hearts of men there persists the feeling that to make a public show of yourself for money, to be always expressing ideas not your own, and emotions which you do not feel, to pretend, in short, to be what you are not—to clap a hump on your back and call yourself Richard the Third, as Johnson

puts it—is to violate the dignity of a citizen and a free man, to resign the “captaincy of your soul.” You may consider this feeling Philistine, if you will; call it “ignorant” with Mr. Irving, “bitter and unreasoning” with Mr. Hare; but the point is that nearly all men, whether consciously or unconsciously, entertain it. I am not defending the prejudice. I am merely trying to appreciate it. Why will not the actors do the same? Why will they not frankly accept the situation, and regard themselves—with a certain pride—as a class apart? They have no substantial grievance now, no inequality before the law. They are not *capitis diminuti* as the Roman players were. The only difference between them and other men is that they sacrifice their Ego, their features, complexions, their whole personality, in the cause of art, so that we may regard the marks their profession sets indelibly upon them as the *stigmata* of a sort of martyrdom. Yet instead of recognizing this difference, and glorying in it, they are perpetually trying to hide it, trying to make out that they are just as other men. So we hear them, as more speakers than one were heard at this charity dinner, congratulating themselves on their rise in “social position,” and we have Mr. Hare complaining that any distinction should be made between them and men “who distinguish themselves in other branches of art.” This means, I suppose, that they want to hide their motley under a court suit and the silly ribbon of some silly order; for of material rewards they reap nowadays far more than their brethren of the other arts. It means that they are becoming emburgessed, as the French say—desirous of merging themselves in the ruck of mere commonplace citizens, of being enrolled in the mandarinat. So, in Paris their comrades have been clamoring for the Legion of Honor: Maubant and Febvre and others now sport the red ribbon, and Coquelin will not be happy till he gets it. Let them have these gewgaws, by all means. Let Mr. Irving and Mr. Hare and half a dozen others be made K.C.B.’s, if they will. But let them not think that they can thus obliterate the fundamental distinction between actors and other men; a distinction of which the prejudice against them is a more or less unconscious—and, if they will only look at it philosophically, not unflattering—recognition. One consolation, at any rate, they may enjoy. The prejudice against them ought logically to include, and as a matter of

historical fact has until quite recently included, the practitioners of all the imitative arts. These are all "speaking in the person of others"—on paper, on canvas. It was not, of course, against the actor that the Platonic attack on Mimesis (here Mr. Hare must again refer to his Republic, Book III.) was primarily directed—though it touches him most nearly—but against the poet, or, as we should now say, against all fiction. So that the dramatist, the novelist, the painter, are all tarred with the same brush as the player. Yet here again it is well to distinguish. Among artists the obvious differentia of the player is that he is his own materials, his own paint and canvas, his own ink and paper. The constant simulation of emotion would seem—if the results in the somewhat analogous case of fictitious feeling under hypnotic influence are to be trusted—gradually to impair the faculty for genuine feeling. The character of hypnotic patients, who exhibit emotions under external suggestions, is, in the end, it is said, sensibly impaired. Does not the actor incur this danger? Do we not find a true and uncomfortably suggestive type of histrion in Daudet's Delobelle, who, even when following his daughter's body to the grave, could not forget the gallery, and posed with his pocket-handkerchief, though the tears he shed in it were sincere enough? I refrain from pursuing this dangerous line of inquiry, lest I should once more disturb the equanimity of "cheerful pessimists." One is glad to find good actors stoically abiding by their calling, in despite of their groans over the prejudice against it. Already we have a second generation of Coquelins, Terrys, Hares, upon the stage, and are soon to have, it seems, a second generation of Irvings. After all, this is the best practical refutation of old Plato and his Republic, Book III.

The Independent Theatre Association....C. H. Meltzer....N. Y. Herald

The promoters of the future Independent Theatre have issued a prospectus which, it would seem, has caused no little stir within the limits of the "Modern Athens." "A prospectus of the first Independent Theatre Association." "A society to promote dramatic art in America." The words look well on the cover. And even better reads the motto with which the Organizing Committee prefaces its programme: "Truth for Art's Sake." I may remark that the committee in question includes Messrs. Edwin D. Mead, B. O. Flower,

Sylvester Baxter, James A. Herne, W. A. Brownell, Ralph Adams Cram, Henry A. Wyman (chairman), and Hamlin Garland (secretary), besides Miss Mildred Aldrich and Miss Mary Shaw. These represent some hundreds, if not thousands, of Bostonians who would like to see our stage reformed, and made more honest. I will quote from the prospectus:

"The objects of the Association are first, and in general, to encourage truth and progress in American dramatic art; second, and specifically, to secure and maintain a stage whereon the best and most unconventional studies of modern life, and distinctively of American life, may get a proper hearing. We believe the present poverty of dramatic art in America is due to unfavorable conditions rather than to a lack of play-writing talent, and it is the purpose of the Association to remove, as far as possible, the commercial consideration and give the dramatist the artistic atmosphere for his work, and bring to its production the most intelligent and sympathetic acting in America. It is designed to be distinctively but not exclusively modern and American, and it will encourage the use of the wealth of native material lying at our hand. Its scope may be indicated thus:—

I. Studies of American society.

- (a) Social dramas.
- (b) Comedies of life.

II. Studies in American history.

- (a) Dramas of colonial times.
- (b) Dramas of the Revolution.
- (c) Dramas of border history.
- (d) Dramas of the civil war.

III. Famous modern plays by the best dramatists of Europe.

"We believe that the above plan is sufficiently extensive to claim the support of all lovers of the drama, while at the same time it maintains its distinctive character. We believe that, with the encouragement of a fair trial for their plays, a part of the confessedly great talent of our novelists could be directed to the production of plays as true, as modern, and as American in flavor as our famous short stories."

The Association will take hints from the Paris Théâtre-Libre, the Berlin Freie Buehne, and the London Independent Theatre, though, wishing to justify its own name, it will not copy either of them slavishly. So far as may be possible the Boston scheme will be worked on the co-operative plan. I take this to mean that the subscribers will share the profits and losses, the pain and pleasure, of management. The actors and the actresses who may take part in the performances will probably be paid for their services; and if they choose they may, of course, become subscribers. Lastly, plays intended for performance will be submitted to a reading committee. They will have to be unsigned and type-written. What compensation will be made to the playwrights does

not appear from the prospectus. But it is announced that the Association will keep an interest in the plays it may produce. All this looks plausible. The Herald was the first of the great newspapers to advocate the founding of a Théâtre-Libre in America. It is in sympathy with most of the objects of the Boston movement. And yet—and yet—. From all I gather there has been much talk and writing-up in Boston by the Independent people. But beyond writing and talk, which are good things in their way, if you do not get too much of them, not much has been accomplished. As to its purpose the committee seems in harmony. But it is far from being equally agreed as to the means by which it hopes to effect that purpose. One honest autocrat, well-armed and equipped, can do more good for art than the most worthy committee. A Roi-Soleil, a Richelieu, an Irving, an Antoine would only be hampered by assistants. There may be wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, but when it comes to execution there is little to be gained by vesting power in the hands of decemvirates. Even now we hear of squabbles and dissensions in the association. Some are in favor of beginning work at once. Others think it best to wait until a new theatre has been built. Some swear by the exclusively American play. Some would be broader and more cosmopolitan. There is a practical element in the committee and there is a Quixotic element. Part swears by caution and part preaches boldness. And, mind you, at this stage there is virtually "nothing before the house." The American plays are in the air, the subscribers have still to pay their money, the projected theatre is not yet built, or I believe, designed. As time goes on and theories give place to facts the decemvirate will find it infinitely harder to work smoothly and harmoniously. One man, advised if need be, but untrammelled in his action, would do much more for the cause of the Independent Theatre than ten men or women. What is needed? First, a little of the faith that moves mountains and makes martyrs. Next, talent. Next, some money. Show us a man who, like Antoine, has the talent and the faith. Supply him with the money. And leave him to do the rest. The choice of plays and actors should be left to this one manager. The money might and should, I think, be furnished by subscribers. Above all it should be remembered that the Independent Theatre does not aim at growing rich, but at improving art.

It should be neither a rival nor a foe to other theatres, and it should strive first for the approval of the cultured few—for only through these few, the thinkers, writers, dreamers, can it expect to make its mark upon the many. The Independent Theatre does not, should not, need not appeal to gentlemen of business minds. Its very motto—"Truth for Art's Sake"—is a protest against anything so ridiculous. Let the unbelievers scoff. Let them foretell woe and disaster. What business of theirs is it whether a group of enthusiasts risk a few thousands—or lose them, either—in a crusade for higher art? The French Conservatives were just as scornful when M. Antoine started the Théâtre Libre. Even Albert Wolff refused to encourage it. And yet the Théâtre Libre succeeded. It appealed to the writers and artists, and the best minds in Paris answered the appeal. I know—we all know—that in our busier, younger, more practical cities, it is hard to find Daudets, Zolas, and Maupassants to support a disinterested art crusade. But though they may be rarer than in Paris, there should be enough men and women in Boston and New York to save one independent theatre, well managed, from disaster. How many intelligent people of curious minds are needed to float such an enterprise? Perhaps three hundred. With these three hundred, and \$10,000 at the outside, an American Antoine, fired with the same faith as M. Antoine, could make the Independent Theatre a reality. But he would never do it if he were checked at every turn by the chatter of committees. All crusades are in their very essence Quixotic. This is their strength, their glory, and their hope. When they succeed they cease to be Quixotic, and the practical people who discouraged them are not last or least loud in applauding the foolish Don Quixotes. The best thing that could happen to the Independent Theatre might be the collapse of the Independent Theatre Association. It is not talk that is wanted, but action. Ten earnest actors, led by an earnest and capable manager, backed by a sympathetic public, however small, and supplied with the means of tiding over half a dozen performances, would, I believe, put the success of an independent theatre beyond peradventure. If, contrary to the belief of the Association and myself, there is no demand for more truthful drama in this country, we should find out our mistake as soon this way as by more complex methods. There is a great deal after all, in simplicity.

A SALE OF DEAD SOULS*

Famous Chapters from Famous Books

Sobakevitch then bent his head slightly, preparatory to hearing what the business might be. Tchitchikoff began in a very distant way, touched upon the Russian Empire in general, and expressed himself in very laudatory terms with regard to its extent, saying that even the ancient Roman Empire had not been so great, and that strangers rightly admired Muscovy. Sobakevitch listened to all this, and nodded, whereupon our hero added that according to the existing laws of the empire, souls (serfs) set down in the census lists, although they might have completed their earthly career, were, nevertheless, still taxed just like the living ones, pending the preparation of a new census list, although, as an offset to that, the newly born were not entered on the registers. Sobakevitch still listened and nodded, and then Tchitchikoff added that despite all the justice of these regulations, they were burdensome for some proprietors, since they entailed upon them the necessity of paying taxes for dead as well as for live serfs. He, Tchitchikoff, feeling great personal regard for his friend Sobakevitch, was, however, prepared to assume a portion of such really heavy obligations. With regard to this principal point, our hero expressed himself cautiously; he made no direct mention of dead souls, but merely alluded to them as non-existent individuals.

Sobakevitch listened to all the talk with his head bent and hardly any expression whatever upon his stolid countenance.

"Well?" said Tchitchikoff, pausing at last and awaiting a reply, not without some emotion.

"You want some dead souls, eh?" simply inquired Sobakevitch, without showing the slightest surprise, and as if the question were one of selling grain or fagots.

* From "Dead Souls," by Nikolai Vasilyevitch Gogol, the great Cossack novelist. See paragraph in Gossip of Authors and Writers. In the days of Russian serfdom each slave was counted "a soul." These "souls" were mortgaged as real property. The banks loaned on a rule of the census that the deaths in a serf community would be more than offset by the births. On this business rule the schemer Tchitchikoff had conceived a plan for purchasing the dead "souls" and negotiating a gigantic fraudulent loan thereon.

"Yes," replied Tchitchikoff, and he again softened the expression by adding, "non-existent persons."

"They can be found: why not?" said Sobakevitch.

"And if there are any in your village, then, no doubt, you—would be glad to get rid of them?"

"I am ready to sell them, if you like," said Sobakevitch, raising his head a little, and recognizing the fact that this would-be purchaser must in all probability find some profit in them—though what it was he could hardly tell.

"Deuce take it!" said Tchitchikoff to himself; "this fellow talks of selling before I have barely given a hint." And then he remarked aloud, "And, at what price, for instance? though, to be sure, for such things as that, any discussion of price is rather strange."

"Well, I will not demand too much of you. Let us say a hundred roubles a head," replied Sobakevitch.

"A hundred!" exclaimed Tchitchikoff, dropping his jaw, and staring at his friend with all his eyes, not knowing whether he had heard him correctly, or whether his tongue, which was heavy by nature, had not turned the wrong way, and let slip one word instead of another.

"What, is that too high for you?" ejaculated Sobakevitch; and he added, "Well, what would be your price?"

"My price! We have probably made some mistake, or else we don't understand each other, and have forgotten the main point of this business. For my part, I place my hand on my heart, and suggest that eighty copecks apiece would be a very handsome sum."

"The idea! eighty copecks!"

"Well, in my judgment, it is impossible to offer more."

"But I am not selling shoes."

"Well, you must acknowledge yourself that you are not selling men either."

"And so you think that you have found a fool, who will sell you a duly registered soul for eighty copecks?"

"But permit me. Surely those serfs died long ago, and all that remains of them is merely a name, barely perceptible to the senses. However, not to enter into further discussion on this point, I will give you a rouble and a half, if you like, but I cannot give more."

"You ought to be ashamed to mention such a sum! You are haggling: state a real price."

"I cannot go beyond that, Mikhail Semenovitch, believe me; on my conscience, I cannot. What cannot be done cannot be." However, he added another half-rouble.

"Now, why are you so niggardly?" said Sobakevitch. "Really that isn't dear! Some other scoundrel will deceive you and sell you rubbish, and not real dead souls; but mine are as sound as nuts, picked articles; there's no better artisan than a healthy moujik. Just consider the matter: here's Mikhyeeff, the carriage-builder! Why, no better equipages are made than those he builds. And his work's not like Moscow work, made merely to last an hour; such durability! And he pads his carriages, and varnishes them so beautifully!"

Tchitchikoff opened his mouth to remark that Mikhyeeff had left the world a long while ago; but Sobakevitch had warmed up to his subject, as the saying runs, and he went on speaking as follows:

"And Probka Stepan, the carpenter! I'll wager my head that you won't find another such moujik anywhere. What a stout fellow he was, to be sure! God knows what the authorities would have given to have him serve in the Guards; he was three arshins and a vershok in height."*

Again Tchitchikoff felt inclined to remark that Probka had not been in the world for a long time; but Sobakevitch had evidently got well started, and such a flood of speech poured forth from his mouth that our friend was constrained to listen.

"Milushkin, the brickmaker, too; he could set up an oven in any house whatever. Maksim Telyatnikoff, the cobbler; whatever he pricked with his awl became a boot at once; and as for his boots, they were wonderful. Besides which he was always as sober as a judge. And Yeremei Sorokoplekhin! Now that moujik was worth a fortune; he traded at Moscow, and he alone paid obrok† to the amount of five hundred roubles a year. What a set of people to be sure! Mine are not at all the sort of dead souls that some Plushkin or other would sell you."

"But permit me," said Tchitchikoff at last, astounded by such a copious flood of words, to which there was apparently no end; "why do you enumerate all these men's qualities?"

* An *arshin* is 28 inches; a *vershok* is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch: consequently Probka (cork) Stepan was 7 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch high.

† *Obrok*, a tax which was paid in lieu of personal labor on the estate, by serfs who were allowed to exercise their callings in the towns.

Surely, that does not concern us since they are dead. A dead body is only good to prop up a fence with, says the proverb."

"Yes, certainly, they are dead," said Sobakevitch, as though considering the subject, and recalling the fact that they really were defunct; and then he added, "Well, what's the use of talking about these men, although they are still reckoned as alive? What sort of men are those who are still alive? Flies, and not men at all!"

"But they do exist, whereas the dead ones are visionary."

"Well, no, they are not visionary. I tell you that you won't even find any such men as Mikhyeef: such a machinist as he was will never set foot in this room again. No, that's no vision. And there was more strength in his big shoulders than in any horse. Where, I should like to know, could you find such a vision?"

"Well, I cannot give more than two roubles apiece," said Tchitchikoff again.

"No, no; but in order that you may not pretend that I am asking a high price, and won't make you any concessions, I will say seventy-five roubles a soul: only it must be in bank-notes—and that's really only for acquaintance' sake."

"Well, what can he think?" said Tchitchikoff to himself: "does he take me for a fool?" and then he added aloud, "Really, you surprise me; there seems to be some theatrical performance or comedy going on between us: otherwise I cannot understand it. You seem to be a sensible man. You have all the marks of possessing a cultivated mind. Surely these are paltry goods—fu! fu! What are they worth? What are they good for?"

"Well, but you are buying them; they must certainly be of some use to you."

Here Tchitchikoff bit his lips, and felt at a loss for an answer. He began to talk about some family affairs, but Sobakevitch simply replied:

"I do not require to know what your connections are. I do not meddle in family matters, that is your own affair. You need the souls, and I will sell them to you, and perhaps you will regret not having bought them."

"Two roubles," said Tchitchikoff.

"So you are like Yakov's magpie, who repeated the same thing on every occasion, as the proverb says. Give something like what they are worth."

"Well, may the deuce take him!" said Tchitchikoff to himself. "I'll add half a rouble, as a sop!—I will add half a rouble, if you like."

"Well, and if you like, I'll say my last word to you: fifty roubles. Truly, it's a loss to me, and you can't purchase such fine people anywhere so cheap!"

"What a hard-headed beast!" said Tchitchikoff to himself; and then he continued aloud with some vexation, "Yes: what's the use of discussing it after all, just as though it were a serious affair, when I can get them elsewhere, for nothing, too. So far every one has gladly handed them over to me, simply for the sake of getting rid of them as speedily as possible. The man who holds on to them and pays taxes on them is a fool!"

"But do you know," replied Sobakevitch, "that this sort of purchase—I say this strictly between ourselves, and out of friendship—is not always legal, and if I were to report it, or if any one else were to do so, the party concerned would never have any credit in the matter of contracts, or if he wished to enter into any profitable connections?"

"So that's what you are aiming at, you sly scoundrel!" thought Tchitchikoff, and he immediately remarked with the most nonchalant air, "As you please. I am buying them, not from any necessity, as you imagine, but because my own views incline me to do so. If you won't take two roubles and a half, then good-day to you."

"I can't put him out; he won't give way," thought Sobakevitch. "Well, God be with you! give me thirty, and take them, my friend."

"No; I see that you do not wish to sell them, so farewell."

"Permit me! permit me!" said Sobakevitch, holding Tchitchikoff's hand, and treading on his foot, for our hero had forgotten to guard himself; realizing this, the host gave a hiss, and then jumped upon our friend's other foot.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, "I seem to have inconvenienced you. Please to sit down here: pray do!" Then he seated Tchitchikoff in the chair, rather skilfully than otherwise, like a bear who has been tamed, and who knows how to twirl himself about, and to perform tricks.

"Really, I am wasting time: I must make haste," replied our hero, suddenly.

"Sit still a little minute, and I will say something presently

which will please you." Here Sobakevitch moved nearer to him, and said softly in his ear, as though it were a secret, "Will you give—a corner?" *

"That is to say, twenty-five roubles? Ni, ni, ni! I won't give even the quarter of a corner! I won't add a copeck!"

Sobakevitch now said nothing. Tchitchikoff also held his peace. The Greek heroes, with their aquiline noses, gazed down from the wall upon this barter, with great attention.

"What is your final price?" asked Sobakevitch at last.

"Two and a half."

"Really, a human soul is the same to you as boiled beet-root. Won't you give three roubles?"

"I cannot."

"Well, there's nothing to be done with you. Have it as you like. It's a loss to me, but I have a dog's nature, I cannot refrain from doing my neighbor a kindness. I suppose I shall have to prepare a deed of sale, so that all may be in proper form?"

"Of course."

"Well, here's another point: I shall have to go to town."

Thus the transaction was completed. They both decided to visit the town on the following day and draw up the deed of sale. Tchitchikoff then asked for a list of the peasants. Sobakevitch readily agreed to give one, and immediately stepped up to his desk and began to write down the list.

"The list is ready at last," he said, turning round.

"Ready? Please bring it here." Tchitchikoff ran it over, and was amazed by its accuracy and punctiliousness. Not only were the professions circumstantially described, the names, ages, and conditions of the various serfs, but on the margins there were notes respecting their behavior and sobriety; in a word, it was a pleasure to look at the lists.

"Now, please give me the earnest-money," said Sobakevitch.

"Why should you receive earnest-money? You will receive all the money at once, in town."

"Well, you know that earnest-money is customary," rejoined Sobakevitch.

"I do not know how I can give you any, for I have brought no money with me. Yes, here are ten roubles."

* In card-playing, one-fourth of the stake, which is indicated by turning down the corner of the card.

"Ten roubles, indeed! Give me fifty at least!"

Tchitchikoff again denied that he had any money with him; but Sobakevitch asserted so positively that he must have some, that he drew out another bank-note, saying, "Here are fifteen more, if you like, and that will make twenty-five. Only please to hand me a receipt."

"What do you want with a receipt?"

"It is always better to have a receipt, you know. Circumstances may change—all sorts of things may happen."

"But, pray, how am I to write out a receipt? I must see the money first."

Tchitchikoff relinquished the notes he held to Sobakevitch, who, approaching the table, and covering them with his left hand, wrote upon a scrap of paper that he had received twenty-five roubles in imperial bank-notes, as earnest-money for various serfs he had sold. After writing the receipt he looked over the notes again.

"The notes are rather old," he remarked, examining one of them at the light, "and somewhat torn, but, between friends, such things must not be considered."

"Close-fisted, close-fisted!" said Tchitchikoff to himself, "and a beast into the bargain!"

"You don't want any female serfs, eh?"

"No, thank you."

"I could sell some cheap. At a rouble apiece, for old acquaintance' sake."

"No, I have no use for women."

"Well, if you have no use for them, it is useless to talk about them. Taste knows no law. 'One man loves the pope, and another the pope's wife,' says the proverb."

"I should also like to request that this transaction may remain a secret," said Tchitchikoff, as he took leave.

"That is a matter of course. A third person has no business to interfere. What takes place between two intimate friends should be confided to their mutual friendship alone. Farewell! I thank you for having visited me. I trust that you will not forget me in the future. If you have a little leisure time, come and dine with me; spend a day here. Perhaps we may be able to render each other further service."

"That's hardly likely!" said Tchitchikoff to himself, seating himself in his britchka. "That close-fisted devil has squeezed two roubles and a half out of me for each dead soul!"

THE SONNET: LIGHT AND SHADE

"This, Too, Will Pass Away!"....Henry Coyle

We long for something in our selfish pride,
 Perhaps a bauble that may glitter bright,
 Some foolish thing we think is good and right
 For us to have; and though God may decide
 That it is best that we should be denied,
 We murmur at His will; our sin-blind sight,
 Impatient, cannot see it in His light,
 And so we spend our lives unsatisfied.
 In every life there must be light and shade,
 And joy and sorrow. A jewel in the dark
 Will shine as in the sun, a quenchless spark,
 Emblem of hope whose light shall never fade.
 O heart, be strong! though it may storm to-day.
 Be patient, and "this, too, will pass away!"

The Planet Jupiter....Epes Sargent....Representative Sonnets

Ever at night have I looked up for thee,
 O'er thy sidereal sisterhood supreme!
 Ever at night have scanned the purple sea
 For the reflection of thy quivering beam!
 When the white cloud thy diamond radiance screened,
 And the Bahama breeze began to wail,
 How on the plunging bows for hours I've leaned,
 And watched the gradual lifting of thy veil!
 Bright planet! lustrous effluence! thou ray
 From the Eternal Source of life and light!
 Gleam on the track where Truth shall lead the way
 And gild the inward as the outward night!
 Shine but as now upon my dying eyes,
 And Hope, from earth to thee, from thee to Heaven shall rise!

Sorrow....A. G. B....The London Spectator

Sorrow came to him with a pleading face;
 He would not rise and bid her enter in;
 She seemed to claim in him too large a space,
 And he was careless, full of mirth and sin,
 So passed she onward. Then it chanced one day,
 When autumn winds in woods were making moan,

Again did gentle Sorrow fare that way,
And heard him mourning, for his love had flown.
So once again she sought him. Reckless, rude,
He bade her enter. Then, with stately mien
She passed, and took possession like a queen,
And seemed not sorrow, but a joy subdued:
Bringing a shadow, yet, as shadows are,
A blessing, cast from some great light afar.

An Isle in the Opal Sea....Ella Higginson....Pacific Magazine

I know an island in the Puget Sound,
Where lovely Bellingham's blue, sunlit bay
Bares her chaste breast to innocent sea-birds' play;
An island fair with flowers, low and round,
Where gold-flecked dells and shady groves abound.
The silver mists creep round it like a dream,
And, catching sunset's pearl and amethyst, seem
A mass of trembling roses. On this mound
No song is heard save some sweet warbler's note;
A pheasant's wing beats loud and clear; a bee,
Drunk with delight, clings to a blue-bell's heart;
The fragrant winds blow wild rose leaves apart
And set pale thistle-downs—lost souls—afloat;
And round it reach the wet arms of the sea.

The Soul's True Self....Lilla Cabot Perry....From the Garden of Hellas

My friend, do you believe I rate my soul
As better than it is? Then let it be.
Nor rob me of the nobler part of me:
Better a half truth than a lying whole.
I am that part I would myself conceive;
'Tis through such errors martyrs face the flame,
Smiling, and keep down cowardice for shame,
Since they in God and in themselves believe.
What is the Rose? 'Tis not a thorny bush,
But June, incarnate, bidding hearts rejoice;
This small brown bird is not the woodland thrush,
But all the summer's sweetness in a voice.
The soul's true self is that which closest lies
To the dumb, mighty heart, whence all things rise.

HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

Men of Many Figures....Statistical Madness....The London Globe.

When a mania for statistics possesses a man, he not only becomes a bore to all his friends, but an arithmetical nuisance to himself. He always thinks in the aggregate, and the least thing is to him potent with gigantic possibility. He becomes outrageously dogmatic, and at the merest spark of a suggestion of the least difference of opinion, he will crush you with the assertion "Statistics prove it." No Blue-book is more crushing, nor, as a rule, more dry. An omnibus driver in the suburbs told one of his statistically-inclined passengers that he drove eleven journeys per day, of five miles each. The passenger thereupon immediately worked it all out in pencil, and informed the coachman that he drove 20,020 miles per annum, and that in fifteen months he went round the world, and, pursuing further inquiries, informed Jehu that he had already driven his "bus" ten times round the globe. The driver's astonishment was a picture, and ever since he has considered himself an important traveller. If great wits are allied to madness your statistician is not far off. One long-haired Esau took upon himself to number the hairs of his head. He first took a survey like a land agent. Then he sub-divided his cranium into square inches, till he came to the back of his head, then he found as his hair tapered off to skin he could not reckon on the full square inch, so he made a map from a photograph of the irregular outline, for the reason that his hair had been imperfectly cut; then he reduced the fringe consequent thereon to fractions of square inches. Having got his acreage, "basis of calculation" he called it, he counted all the hairs in one square inch, which took him a considerable time, for, as he said, the least error would be fatal. Having done all this at last to his satisfaction, he multiplied the whole by the number of square inches he had discovered upon his head; then he went into the "tapering off part," as he described it, and averaged that variously, but all on the basis of the one square inch he had counted; and eventually he arrived at a grand total of many millions. But even this did not satisfy him. Figures have no bottom. By some "calculation," he found that dark people had more hair than fair, and he wanted to

find out how much; so he took London as a starting point. This, of course, led him to inquire the number of fair people as opposed to dark in the metropolis; so, taking a coign of vantage for observation, he tabulated the passers-by as to the respective color of their hair in a given time. This involved employing assistants, in that some people walked quickly and others slowly; but all must be noted. The upshot was that he obtained such a practical knowledge of hair that he could tell, despite the fact of people having hats and bonnets on, who were bald and who not; who wore "frittes" and who went without. Then he discovered "a basis of calculation for these contingencies," and hit upon "an average of allowance." One would have supposed that this would have been enough for one man's lifetime, but no, it was not; he must "pursue the subject." It "came to him" that he must include whiskers and mustaches; they were all hair, and they were on the head, and therefore "they must be dealt with." He dealt with them, so again the labor was subdivided, and people told off accordingly, and then he died. Jones is a statistician, but then Jones makes figures simply charming. He invests them with individuality to such a degree that they start up before one in an entirely new aspect. They become vivified and pregnant. Jones asks me if I know the "consumption of milk per hour in London alone." I honestly tell Jones I do not. Then Jones rises to the occasion. He tells me. He goes to his desk, and brings out a mass of foolscap, all over calculations, and in order "to bring it home to me," he says "if 23 ironclads were in dry dock side by side, each drawing an average of 19.038 feet, and it was desired to float them, the water they would require would equal the consumption of milk in London per hour;" and "what do I think of that?" I don't know "what to think of that," and simply say, "Oh Lor'." He has made every allowance in his "calculation"; allowance for the destitute who hardly know what milk is, and for the meagre supply to workhouses and prisons, all are tabulated in different columns, and that is the crushing result. Now, if I see a can of milk I see ironclads floating out of docks, and if I see an ironclad it suggests a can of milk. Such is the force of association. But Jones's great specialty is "Food Supply;" once get him on to that subject, and he does "come" it. He reads me from a book, called How

London Lives, which tells in the most marvellous manner how London is fed, cleansed, lighted, policed, and Heaven knows what all. From this book he reads extracts, and *à propos* of fish supply he tells me that at Eyemouth alone, on each line there are 1,050 hooks, and every time the boats were at sea, 205,800 hooks, baited with 411,600 mussels, were put into the water, and the total number of mussels used during the season, averaging two for each hook, was 46,819,500. Then Jones in a state of crescendo excitement flings the book down triumphantly, and asks me what I think of that. As for me, I am past all thought. How it is all done I cannot imagine, but Jones, having taken all the life out of me in regard to fish, savagely grapples up the book again, and tells me that is not all, that he hasn't done yet, for in 1885 there were sold at Islington, for London consumption, 235,762 beasts, 809,914 sheep, 13,500 calves, and 1,119 pigs. "Fancy that!" I tell Jones I can't fancy it, but that I should have assumed more pigs. But Jones is so wrapped up in his statistics that he forgets to ask me to stay to supper, and I go to bed hungry, knowing what a lot of food there is generally spread about, pigs, calves, and what not, that I am unable to get at. Smith again, is a good man at figures, but he is of another color. He is a very severe economic monitor—is penurious in the extreme, and talks of the national debt. He keeps on asking me if I have ever considered how much a brandy and soda per day amounts to in a year, and that Dr. Johnson—it is astonishing how you can fling any man off with Dr. Johnson—that Dr. Johnson reminded some one once that the interest on £1,000 was but half-a-crown a day. This is terribly depressing. Every petty extravagance looms up to ruin and bankruptcy, and I never leave Smith without a sort of apprehension that the brokers are in. Brown, on the other hand, is an actuary, and a charming man indeed, when he is not engaged on mortality tables—then, Well! He dines with me and gives me average death rates over the walnuts. He tells me how long I shall live, based on Carlyle's Estimate. I should not so much mind this, but he knocks off two years on account of lung trouble, which sets me calculating how many more premiums I shall have to pay; or Robinson, again, *à propos* of nothing at all, talks about some debt doubling itself in fourteen years at compound interest, and the "nail in the horse's

shoe." I suppose he knows what he means. I do not. Statistics are, no doubt, respectable and necessary—like fire-escapes—but one does not want them always immediately outside of one's front door.

In the Bank of England....London Edition of New York Herald

What visions of untold wealth are conjured up by the very name of the Bank of England! What weird stories and legends have we not all heard connected therewith from our earliest infancy? When I made up my mind to visit the bank and its celebrated vaults I found that the matter was not so easy as some may imagine. Since the dynamite scares in London it is exceedingly difficult to enter the portals of the bank. But accompanied by my banker friend, whose name is world-famous and whose doings and sayings influence the exchange of two continents, the locked-up treasures were opened to my wondering gaze. Whenever the "open sesame" of the banker's name is whispered the well-balanced doors hungrily swing open, swallow me and my guide, and snap almost noiselessly behind us. Inexorable-looking porters, cold-eyed guardians, and austere managers bow as they hear the name or catch a glimpse of my doyen. As we enter the court-yard of the Lothbury entrance the two beadles greet my guide with a military salute and a bow which is so spasmodic and wooden that they forcibly remind me of the officious-looking individual—also in a cocked hat and cloak—who appears with just such a hat on the scene after Punch has thrown the baby into the street, and proceeds then and there to hang him. The doorway opens into the bullion office, where all the gold and silver that enters or leaves the bank passes through to be checked. On the right is the gold; on the left the silver. The first impression is that of being in the order department of a wholesale trading establishment. But a figure in a white apron quickly dispels the illusion. This personage in the apron is attired in a lilac vest, plum-colored coat, and buttons of two-shilling pieces. His hat is a peculiar black velvet affair, and is a compromise between a beef-eater's and a smoking-cap. A suave gentleman approaches the banker, and in a few hurried words the latter informs the manager—for such he is—that he wishes to show me everything to be seen. We are therefore first introduced to the scales, or, as it is termed, the "grand balance," made

by Messrs. Napier. This marvellous instrument is a ponderous and peculiarly-built weighing machine, standing about seven feet high and weighing about two tons. The whole is under a huge glass case, access being gained thereto by a sliding panel. The scale is worked by hydraulic power, and is the most sensitive weighing machine in existence. The foundation, which is of solid concrete, is sunk to a depth of sixteen feet, so that not a jar can affect the clean balance. The manager sets the hydraulic power in motion by means of a small wheel, and then touches an ivory button at the side. Immediately the entire scale, weighing hundreds of pounds, sinks some seven inches and is ready for weighing. "We will first weigh a postage-stamp," observes the suave gentleman. On each side the scales are fitted with weights amounting to four hundred ounces. When gold is to be weighed the smaller weights on the balance are withdrawn and the gold placed on one of the two ledges. The gold is made up in four-hundred-ounce bars, and the difference of one-thousandth part of an ounce can be detected. The stamp being added to the four-hundred-ounce weights another ivory button is touched, and the index jumps a distance of six inches! Think of it, six inches on the index for a postage-stamp! But the most wonderful incident was yet in store for me. "Supposing a bar contains more than this scale is made to weigh," explains the manager, "any other scale would go to its limit and give no sign. Not this one, however." To prove this he adds one-quarter of an ounce more than the maximum weight, when, instead of the index moving, there is a pause of some few seconds and then an electric bell commences ringing. There is something terribly human about this mechanism which declines to execute a task of which it is incapable. This is the only balance of its kind in the world. The maker has never constructed a duplicate. This triumph of the mechanical art cost exactly two thousand pounds sterling. The silver scale is, of course, not so finely balanced, and the two are respectively christened "The Lord Chief Justice" and "The Lord High Chancellor." The manager then moves away from the scale, and turning a handle in the wall suddenly illuminates a long vault, with finely-groined arches, which would otherwise pass unnoticed. Throwing the gate open we pass in, followed by one of the body-guards in a chocolate-brown suit. On small barrows

with strong wheels are about one hundred 400-ounce bars of gold. Each barrow, roughly speaking, contains therefore 40,000 ounces, or about one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling worth of metal. On shelves ranged along the walls are heaps upon heaps of bags containing coins, each bag weighing 500 ounces. They are of the Indian, French, German, Dutch, and American currency. From this room we ascend a stone staircase and pass along a very agreeable gallery, with solid stone balustrades, overlooking the courtyard. The doors of the grand board room open from this gallery. Our body-guard touches an electric button. The door is opened and we are ushered into a luxurious room where the footfall is deadened by the thickest of Turkey carpets. I fancy myself in the board room, but my protector bids me follow him, and we step into the adjoining apartment—a vast chamber with a lofty, frescoed ceiling, the furniture of which would send an antiquarian into ecstasies. But there are one or two directors present, and so we step out of their august presence after having, as far as I am concerned, gazed at them as though they were some rare foreign animals just landed. We pass the discount bill department where the rate is usually fixed up on Thursday afternoons, and past Mr. Frederick May's office, after having taken a peep at the gentleman whose name and fame is spread over the wide world as the signatory of the Bank of England's notes. After that we go by the secretary's office and the Indian office as though they existed not. We have come to see the "wonders" of the enchanted castle, and cannot stop to look in upon the prosaic occupations of the workaday world. We are in an atmosphere of marvels, and I, for my part, simply revel in it. We arrive at a door which admits us to an inclosure almost entirely of glass, in which visitors stand and gaze upon the wonders within. However, the body-guard throws open the door, and stepping up to the chief whispers a word in his ear. He approaches us with a warm welcome, and bids me walk up to one of the gold-weighting machines, of which there are some thirty here. This is the room where sovereigns and half-sovereigns are weighed when sent in by bankers and others. Here, again, hydraulic power is used. A machine consisting of a complicated system of counter-weights looks not unlike a sewing-machine as to its lower half. This is completely inclosed in glass. A long

feeder, like a tube cut in half, down its length, and made of brass, is set at an angle of 45 degrees, and is filled with a long roll of sovereigns. These turn as they slip down on to a circular movable plate, slightly larger than a sovereign. For a moment the plate seems to be deciding upon the merits of that particular coin. Then, as if it has made up its mind conclusively, it deftly turns the coin to the right and it slips down a metal tube into a till below. But if the coin proves to be lighter than the standard weight, the delicate machine turns it to the left and condemns it to the guillotine. Again one is impressed with the "human" idea of a hand weighing the sovereigns. One can almost fancy that a hidden person is feeling the weight. There is more than a mere mechanical look about the momentary indecision of the scale plate; it is really rather that of an intelligent animal. These machines weigh coins at the rate of twenty-six per minute, and a day's weighing amounts to about one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The light coins are taken to the guillotine—another hydraulic triumph—and dropped down a long tube. As they slip through, a sharp knife clips the coin neatly down the centre and allows it to fall out at the slot at the side, and, to carry out the guillotine notion, they fall into a small basket. They are not cut in two, but the cut is more than half way through, and this prevents the banker who has paid them in from again circulating them, although he can take them away after they are clipped. This he never does, but takes the weight value of the gold. The automatic body-guard now shows some animation. Producing a hand lantern from another mysterious recess, he turns and bids us follow. We walk in narrow alleys formed of piles of boxes, where not a ray of light penetrates, and find ourselves making a rapid descent, with the lantern ahead, like some guardian angel. We descend a steeper incline than the others, with the defunct bank-notes in their sarcophagi all around us, when a chill air striking us proves that we are well underground. Then the figure in front turns and announces to us in a tone calculated to strike terror into nervous persons, "We are now in the labyrinth." I begin to feel like another Guy Fawkes going to blow up the whole place. But the sudden twists and turns we take always in that bewildering maze of piled-up cases are becoming most trying to the banker, who is not accustomed to dodging a will-o'-the-wisp in a catacomb. I

begin to entertain fears that he is leading us to some dungeon fastness, when he turns again and solemnly remarks, with a wave of his hand, "All bank-notes." Some idea can be gained of the quantity when it is said that they are 77,745,000 in number, and that they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and a half miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach a height of five and a half miles; or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is a little less than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over one billion seven hundred and fifty million pounds sterling, and their weight over 90½ tons. Thence, after being shown the books of the bank—the first one dated 1620—we enter the bank-note printing department. A familiar buzzing whirr tells me that we are near a printing office. More glass cases, more whispered words, and the mystic words pronounced which admit us inside. Six huge printing presses at work, apparently grinding out newspapers. A long slip of paper is handed to me, which I observe bears the well-known water-mark. It is a double piece, like two notes joined. The uneven edge on the three sides is the consequence of its being hand-made, and is not artificially produced. The clean edge is caused by the cutting asunder of the two notes after they are printed. The paper is manufactured at the bank's own mill and is in the hands of one family. Each sheet of paper has to be accounted for. The boys handle it with as much unconcern as though they were printing handbills. They only feed the machine. The double-printed note drops out into a little frame where a clerk keeps track of the numbers. A dial indicates not only the number of notes turned out, but the number of revolutions in each of the six processes in the printing. A superintendent is at each machine. Further on is the Indian printing machine for rupee paper. In a department close at hand the postal orders are struck off; but we who are so blasé with millions regard the half-crown orders being turned out as too trivial to waste time over. Along another passage we enter a large room—really a vault—which is surrounded from floor to ceiling by iron doors of safes which at their opening might be five feet high by five feet wide. One of these is opened and shows rows upon rows of gold coins in bags of two thousand pounds sterling each. One is handed to me to hold, and after doing

so for a moment I decide I will not carry it home. The dead weight is enormous. Yet these officials handle the slipping, sliding mass as though it were a book. Another door is opened, and we observe a stack of bank-notes. I remark that I have seen a lot already. For answer the manager takes out a parcel of one thousand one-thousand-pound sterling notes and says: "Take hold." I do so, and am told I am holding one million pounds sterling. I should have wished to hold it longer, but they want it, so I put it back. "This small safe contains eight million pounds sterling," continues the polite manager, "and you are in the richest vault of the Bank of England and of the world. This small room at present holds eighty million pounds sterling." By this time my appetite for wealth is nearly gone. I am nauseated with the atmosphere of bank-notes. My senses are dulled with the oppressing spectacle, and I hail with delight the merry plashing fountain in the court-yard. Here are the quarters of the thirty-four guardsmen who nightly patrol the establishment. A double sentry is posted at each gate, and as they load with ball cartridge it is not a safe place for an enterprising burglar to tackle. The officer of the guard has a bedroom in the bank and is provided with a dinner and a bottle of the finest old port, and I understand that the guards are also liberally treated. We are hurried into the changing department, where notes are changed for gold or silver or notes for other notes. This is where the criminal side of life is exposed in all its phases. The Bank of England dare not refuse to cash any note presented, provided it is a genuine one, but any suspicion on the part of the cashier is the signal for an alarm by electricity to the detectives at the entrance to the court-yard. These detectives are stationed in the boxes at either side of the main gates, and they at once respond to the alarm and follow up or arrest the suspected person. From the time one enters the bank until one leaves it one is constantly under police espionage. The porter, the clerk, or the beadle may be, and often is, a detective belonging to the network which embraces the whole institution.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

The Ballad of Judas Iscariot....Robert Buchanan....Poems

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot

Lay in the Field of Blood;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot

Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,

And black was the sky;

Black, black were the broken clouds,

Though the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot

Strangled and dead lay there;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot

Looked on it in despair.

The breath of the World came and went

Like a sick man's in rest;

Drop by drop on the World's eyes

The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot

Did make a gentle moan:

"I will bury underneath the ground

My flesh and blood and bone.

I will bury deep beneath the soil,

Lest mortals look thereon,

And when the wolf and raven come

The body will be gone!

The stones of the field are sharp as steel,

And hard and cold, God wot;

And I must bear my body hence

Until I find a spot."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,

So grim and gaunt and gray,

Raised the body of Judas Iscariot

And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field

Its touch was cold as ice,

And the ivory teeth within the jaw

Rattled aloud like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot

Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill—
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swing thereon
Who had been crucified,
And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep and swift and red.
He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,

And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.
For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe,
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light—
A far-off light across the waste
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall;
And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,

And the ghost of the silvern moon arose
Holding her yellow lamp;
And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro;
To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear:
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,
With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head:
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low:
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white.

And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare:
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.
"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"
The supper-wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

THE PRICE OF A CORONET *

The luncheon was over, and where laughter had been heard now it was all silent. The guests had left the table, invited by Bressac, to visit the beautiful gardens which surrounded the villa. Gaetana asked the count to come with her into the house.

The drawing-room at Bellevue was far more simple in its furnishings than that of Rue de Verneuil; books, draperies, and statuettes helped to furnish this bijou room, the pictures of the king and the bishop had the same prominent positions, also one of his Holiness graced the wall. After the glare of the sun outside, the almost mysterious light was charming, and a heavy exotic perfume permeated the atmosphere.

"Is not this a charming room," asked the baroness, "for a tête-à-tête, monsieur?"

"Oh! I think your residence is delightful," said Raoul, as he took her hand and kissed it most respectfully.

And as she handed him a glass of Armagnac, she said, "This comes from Gascony, you ought to relish it."

At her earnest solicitation Raoul drank a second glass very slowly, curious to hear what she would say next. At the same time, he could not help thinking his father's vineyards might have furnished the grapes.

Then he laughed to himself, and smilingly said to her, "I have lost my vineyards and those of my parents in your charming Paris, madame."

Gaetana's face was a study, she looked so sympathetic, "Was it really true that Raoul Pontais, Count of Mercœur, had sold all his patrimony, and strangers lived in his chateau?"

"No, no! Mercœur is still uninhabited, it was two years ago since I sold it, and my agent remitted me the money; he sold the entire property to a foreigner, I believe, who, strange to say, never showed up."

As if she was really sorry for him, she murmured, "Ruined! ruined! ruined!"

Why the d——! had he told this woman he was ruined, but he had come to her for advice; did not Bressac say she might help him out?

* From "The Price of A Coronet." French of Pierre Sales; translated by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. Cassell's Blue Library.

Gaetana had changed her seat, and had placed herself by his side, striving to refill his glass. Raoul looked at her large dark eyes, and wondered how she could help him. There was a very embarrassing silence for a few minutes. Then Raoul gained courage and told her his financial position, how he had squandered his capital, the dunning of his creditors; in fact, he was ready to cut his throat.

The baroness hesitated a minute before answering Raoul's last words; she looked pensive, and finally said, "When a person has your name and title, it is very easy to get over mere money difficulties."

Raoul jumped as though he had been shot, his teeth chattered. Had he then fallen so low that they dared to offer him money for bartering his name?

"Really, Madame——"

She came a little closer to him and spoke so softly in her voluptuous voice, "Why was he vexed with a friend who wished to be of service to him? Yes, of service! It might have astonished Monsieur de Mercœur, but Bressac, his old college chum, had told her his difficulties, and she thought——"

Mercœur at once saw her business, he understood the five o'clock tea, and the number of people who had been invited. During the ten years he had resided in Paris, he had thrown into the fire a great many matrimonial agency cards. Still he could not understand how a woman, received in the best society of the Faubourg St. Germain, could carry on such a *métier*. He felt inclined to turn on his heel and quit the presence of the Baroness de San Rinazzi, and to go right home and order Joseph never to admit Bressac, Bressac this society man, who was no doubt but a middle man in the employ of the baroness.

By this time he did not feel inclined to move, what with the perfume of the apartment, and the strength of the liquor, he yielded at the request of the baroness to talk it over. He was ashamed of himself, and listened attentively to the projects offered by this marriage agent.

"*Voyons*, you are ruined, completely ruined. Your only chance is to marry a rich woman. Now, perhaps, I can find you a rich girl, who is anxious to wear a coronet. Countess, that looks remarkably well on one's linen, a coronet with nine points is the prettiest of all."

The first feelings of pride had left Raoul. After all he

was the last of his race, no one had a right to ask him to account for his conduct. He certainly could not consider in the light of a family the few antiquities that remained in Gascony. There was only his Aunt de Lansac to whom he owed any family recognition, and since he had quarrelled with her, all her property was to go to the hospital at Livone. She was a very devout woman he heard, never missed early mass, and attired herself as near like a nun as she could. *Pouah!* He hated the country, with its prejudices and narrow-mindedness, he would never go back. Never!

Besides, the woman he married would never know that he bartered his title for her gold. The marriage accomplished, the commission paid, he would forever close his doors to Gaetana and Bressac, why, he would be generous and pay them a large commission.

"Well, madame, I accept your proposition; find me a rich wife and I shall be very grateful and pay you handsomely."

"*Helas!* Monsieur, my modest fortune obliges me to receive some pecuniary recompense, were it otherwise I never would desire any payment."

Then she began to talk of a charming young girl, well educated, extremely pretty, living with her widowed mother. "It's really the mother who requested me to try and find a husband for the young lady."

"Have you been acquainted with them a long time?"

"Only since the death of the father, who was a large manufacturer; the girl is fair and tall."

"Ah! neighbors; perhaps I met them this morning."

"Really; have you already met them? What a curious thing chance is. Doubtless they were coming from mass." The baroness pretended to be perfectly astonished.

"Well! You see the girl is pretty enough for a prince, and such a magnificent fortune, more than a million. Half of it is hers to do as she pleases with on her wedding day. The mother's health is poor. You will be a millionaire before very long, monsieur."

"Are you quite sure her dowry is over five hundred thousand, madame?"

"Yes! Why?"

"Because it is not the amount that interests me individually, only I suppose out of my future wife's dowry I will have to pay your commission."

"Oh, no; do not let that bother you. Just give us your note for three hundred thousand, which we are obliged to charge as commission. The rest of the fortune belongs to you." Seeing that Raoul shuddered, she hastened to say, "You need not pay us in a lump sum; little by little, we would not inconvenience you for the world." At that moment the sound of a piano was heard. "Your future bride, mon cher, she is a remarkably fine musician."

The young girl was playing one of Schubert's Nocturnes. Raoul remembered the piece, his mother used to play it at Mercœur Sur Baise, when he was a child.

"No! No! No!" he cried. "A marriage arranged like this is positively infamous!"

The baroness replied:

"You would prefer, perhaps, being arrested for debt. In eight days you would beg of me to find you a wife. It will be too late then. The Count of Mercœur, arrested for debt and a bankrupt, never could hope to marry Jeanne Berthout, the daughter and heiress of a respectable manufacturer."

Raoul was silenced. Gaetana arose and walked over to her desk for a pen and sheet of stamped paper.

"Now, monsieur, let us finish this trivial affair, write what I tell you; you will be grateful to me some day."

"I, the undesigned, Raoul Pontais, Count of Mercœur, promise on my honor, to give to the Baroness San Ranazzi, the sum of three hundred thousand francs out of the dowry of Mademoiselle Jeanne Berthout, if in one year from now, this lady becomes my wife through the mediation of Madame San Ranazzi."

"That is all right, now sign it and put your address, 54 Rue St. Dominique. It is always better to do things in a business-like way, we are only mortals."

"But as this is a business affair, what guarantee have you that I should pay the above note? Individually I have not a cent, madame, not a cent."

"Your word as a gentleman is sufficient, my dear sir."

* * * * *

"What a magnificent day, the end of spring," cried Bres-sac, as he opened the door of the salon; behind him came the guests, laughing, with their arms full of flowers.

Raoul had written with a very trembling hand, and as he cast his eager eyes on the paper held by madame, who care-

fully read it, smiling as she saw the glance he gave on his dishonored signature, she took good care to lock it up in her beautiful steel *escritoire*.

"How unkind of you to have left us alone," said the Duchess of Roquemont to the baroness.

"I had a bad headache."

"Oh, yes, and as a nurse I suppose you selected the Count de Mercœur; allow me to congratulate you, sir!"

Raoul felt feverish and wretched, and paid no attention to the duchess, nor did he return Bressac's hand-shake; he was in a hurry to leave, to quit the society where everything was assumed, and he himself was obliged to be. He invented an invitation to dine in Paris.

"What, are you going so soon to leave us?"

"I am obliged, madame, unfortunately."

"Now you know the way to the house I hope you won't forget us. I spend the entire summer here," and she bowed her adieus in a most dignified way.

Raoul hurried to the railroad station, trying hard to repress the word, "*canaille*," which escaped from his lips.

It was in the hands of this "*canaille*," that he placed his reputation, "*Pardieu*." He guessed why the Roquemonts were always at her house, evidently the duke had not paid all the commissions due yet. And Bressac, what rôle was he playing? Was he an unconscious intermediary, or paid employee? Bressac was not unconscious! With his cleverness and sagacity, no. He must profit by these nefarious negotiations, perhaps a partner of Gaetana's, he noticed she often repeated the word "*We*."

"This man whom I called my friend, a college chum, is he only a scoundrel, a blackleg? But am I myself any better than Bressac? What evil genius has taken hold of me this morning, I'd like to know!"

When he reached his chambers, Joseph had bad news for him. They were going to summon him through the sheriff, on the following day, for non-payment of rent.

"No, after all, Bressac had acted the good friend; this marriage will be my salvation," and the names of many of his friends came into his mind, who had been married in the same way. Roquemont, Lastignac, Montbrun, Marsies, and others, whose names and families were as good as his own.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES.

Simla the Magnificent....Queen of the Hills....London Hawk

A queenly queen, seated on a right regal throne of eternal hills, seven thousand feet above sea level, thrice seven thousand degrees of beauty above all other beauty spots of India. The mighty Himalayas camp all around her in gigantic tents of snow. The deodar, the giant oak, and the gaudy rhododendron—not the stunted vegetable growth of damp northern lands—ward off the amorous kisses of the Sun God from her dainty cheeks; multitudinous streams, clear as crystal, leap down from the heavens of the hills to bathe her feet and sing her noon-tide lullaby. That queen is Simla—Simla the magnificent. Englishmen who only know Simla through books and magazine articles, try to detract from her beauty by stating that it is only born of contact with the arid, scorched plains that palpitate with sun sickness at her feet. No; if Simla and her beautiful framework of mountains could be lifted up, as one lifts a toy, and dropped down amid the most beautiful scenery of Europe or America, she would still wear her royal crown undimmed. Let me give a little quick, rough sketch. Here we are at Kalka, a little village nestling at the foot of the myriad-headed Himalayas. The desert is behind us, the land of promise before. We stand and look back on the glowing plains, just as passengers might look back on the burning ship from which they had just been rescued. The June sky arches overhead like a great concave of red-hot brass; the air is sick with heat, the carrion crows pant, open-beaked, on the boughs, the noisy green parrots are dumb as death, and hide from the heat in the inmost recesses of leafy trees. Let us away upward from the fiery furnace, as Indians speed from a prairie fire. Up, up, thousands of feet above the plain, pursuing a narrow path cut in the side of the mountain—a path that corkscrews its way round and round; and when the day's journey is over and we look back to our starting-point—the hill yonder—it seems scarce a stone's throw away. The narrow path is fearsome, yawning chasms gloom a thousand feet below; an infant's touch would hurl one down; above, a gigantic mountain soars beyond eye-shot. The Alps and their boasted valleys are mere earth-mounds and tea-cups compared with these

leviathans. When traversing this wondrous scenery one feels how less than little he is. Night has fallen as, after much corkscrewing, we round a bold hill spur, and, lo! Simla is before us. We look on a great amphitheatre, with wood-crowned and monkey-tenanted Jakko standing in solemn sentry over the Queen. Look around. The hillsides all about are alive with light, as though crowded with multitudinous fire-flies. These are the lights from the countless bungalows, scattered higgledy-piggledy everywhere—in places they seem to stand on the top of each other—the summer homes of society. In the daylight they look like gigantic matchboxes glued to the hillsides. In the quiet nighttime those bungalow lights, gleaming out through leafy bowers—the whole sweep of hills a-twinkle with them—present a fairy scene one never forgets. Burra (great) Simla, and Chota (little) Simla are the native quarters, streets of shops where the hill people do their marketing, but, unlike native villages, they are clean, and, sanitarily, pure. We shall have to wait until morning to behold Simla society out and about, and in the mean time we have our choice of some half-dozen hotels, clean and well-ordered as any in London. It is worth the journey all the way to Simla to see the morning break over the countless hill tops, and flood the valleys with light, for here there is little morning or evening twilight. The sun looks timidly up at first, the snowy peaks all around steal one by one out of shadow, their bald white foreheads crimson with welcome. Then the rapidly advancing tide of light searches the secret recesses of valleys and Khuds, and in a few moments broad day, clear and balmy, reigns over all. Beyond, on Peterhoff Hill, the Union Jack floats, denoting that the Viceroy is in residence, the staff live around about in Boileau-gungh, Beatsonia, Iveram, and Boorj. About ten A.M. Simla society pours down from the hillsides into the Mall, the Rotten Row of Simla. Thousands of officers in mufti on horseback accompany thousands of lady equestrians, arrayed in riding dresses so accurately fitting as to show forth every curve and muscle of their lissom bodies. And the jampan, what a crush! Some are simply hammocks, suspended from a pole, carried by two gaudily-dressed jampan-wallahs. Some are doolies, box-shaped, capable of holding two or more, and horsed by four jampan-wallahs. What merry greetings, what handshaking, what a number of

how-d'ye-doo! Everybody knows everybody else—some know each other too intimately—all are happy, all plunge, as it were, into the glorious climate of Simla, as laughter-loving school-boys plunge into a swimming pool.

Deadman's Bay.....J. E. Panthor.....By-paths and Cross-roads

The sea and the wind yell and scream, one against the other; occasionally we hear the dull boom of the ocean among the rocks below as the wind stays for a moment, as if pausing, as a beast does, to spring with a deadlier aim; but, then, stronger for the moment's pause, it comes tearing along, until we are forced to lie down prone on the cliff to escape being blown into space by its fury. The cliff here is steep, too, and curves round into a tiny bay. At one end of the bay a range of ebony rocks runs out sheer into the sea; but one can see small evidences of them now. The sea is one mass of leaping, springing, yeasty billows, that recede, showing momentary glimpses of the black boulders, only to throw themselves against the cliff side, as besiegers throw themselves against a redoubt, determined to carry it at all hazards. We cannot see very far. Occasionally, away to the left, looms a great black island, standing calm and quiet amidst all the noise and turmoil, and then as the fog lifts a little more we catch sight of a vessel laboring heavily to keep away from the shore, where certain death and destruction await her. It looks like the veriest cockleshell as for one moment it rides triumphant, and the next is lost suddenly to sight beneath an enormous billow, as it seems to us gone forever; but it emerges, and heads for the open, and we are beginning to thank our stars for its escape, when suddenly the wind swoops down on it; it shivers for a moment, and then, O heavens! resistless, powerless, in the mighty grasp of the storm it begins to recede, and is blown suddenly, irresistibly, closer and closer in shore. Some one rises and rushes from our side, making for the coastguard station, a couple of miles away; we creep closer and closer to the edge of the cliff, and by the time we are as far as we can get we can see the ship under us, and note the men rushing about the deck, exactly like ants when their nest is overturned. Some are climbing the rigging, in a vain, mad attempt to rise from the jaws that wait to engulf them; but before they have reached any height the ship comes grinding, crashing on to the rocks. A

quiver for half a second runs through it, and positively, in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole vessel has entirely disappeared, casting, as it went to pieces, the extreme top of the mast and some cordage not a dozen yards from where we lay, regarding one of the most terrible spectacles that surely was ever seen. The hopelessness of the ship, the impossibility of in any measure helping the wretched creatures that disappeared before our eyes, was the worst part of the sight. The wind and sea completely obscured any sounds or cries, and as all disappeared into the boiling vortex, just as if some gigantic animal had swallowed all at one gulp, we saw none of the sufferings or death struggles of the victims who day after day were found along the shore, stripped to the skin by grinding against those awful, hideous rocks.

Diablo....The Phantom Mountain....San Francisco Examiner

Clustered about the capstan they were telling about John Muir's experience on the great South Dome in Yosemite during a snow-storm, when, alone there, impressed with all the vastness of the place, he saw a giant image in the clouds, like the wrath of the valley's god, veering and advancing as if in menace. It was told how Muir finally ascertained that the image was merely his own reflection on the snow-cloud—a duplicate of the world-famous spectre of the Brocken. Then up spoke Mayor John R. Glasscock of Oakland, and asked: "Have any of you seen the phantom mountain—the peak in the ocean?" Though there were many in that company who had seen all sorts of things, from crawling vipers to pink monkeys with sea-green appendages, none could ever say that he had seen the mountain. So the mayor went on: "I have often been on Mount Diablo; in fact, I have camped there season after season. I have viewed the sun rise and set from a perch upon the summit time and time again, but only once had I the pleasure of beholding the ghost-like peak. One morning, however, after I had climbed the grade, in order to see the signal-service men who were formerly stationed there flash their heliograph signals across to an eminence on the other side of Truckee, and then over to Mount St. Helena, I was told to turn my eyes out to sea. You know it is a fact that on a clear day a person can see more country from the summit of Diablo than from any other eminence in the world. The great central valley spreads

out on one side, all the lesser hills, generally shrouded in a fog, are beneath you, and off to the west dimples the blue Pacific. Well, this morning I could hardly believe my eyes. Right up from the bosom of the deep rose a great mountain—solid, majestic, and empurpled. For a long time I believed that it was the product of some 'drastic lift of pent-up volcanic fires'—the growth of a night. But as I studied it I saw it was the exact counterpart of the double cone of Diablo—a phantom of the sea. By the peculiar reflective and refractive condition of the atmosphere the mountain was made to appear as a wave-washed crag. As the sun rose all its apparent stability vanished and it dissolved into thin air. I tried for the sight again and again, but the atmospheric conditions were never favorable. Ever afterward the ocean stretched away, unruffled and remote."

In Pulque Land....Toluca and the Magueyes....New York Tribune

The most interesting railway ride in Central Mexico is that from the capital to Toluca. It leads over the mountains, and commands magnificent prospects, not only of the Valley of Mexico and the snow-crowned volcanoes, but also of another majestic peak in the west—the Nevado de Toluca. Starting at a level of 7,400 feet above the sea, the traveller crosses the divide beyond Salazar at an altitude of 10,635 feet, and descends to a level of 8,600 feet at Toluca. It is a railway ride of only forty-five miles, but there is not a dull mile among them. As the train draws out of the suburbs there are glimpses of the dying tree of Cortes, Chapultepec, Tocubaya, with its palatial country-seats, San Angel, and the neglected sanctuary of Los Remedios, while behind are the valley, the city, and the mountains, transfigured and glorified by the enchantment of distance. The tourist who has been searching in vain for the picturesque in the modern progressive capital is satisfied at last as he gazes backward from the slopes of the Cordillera, exhilarated by the grandeur of the scenery. At Dos Rios, a fantastic huddle of Indian huts, there is a long bridge spanning a mountain stream, and then opens a succession of barrancas, or gorges, leading up to the summit. Everything is in accord—the wild canyons, the foaming water-courses, the torn and serrated edges of the mountains, the bristling sword-spiked magueyes, the fantastic adobe huts, and the gypsy creatures trafficking

in pulque and tortillas as the train halts at the stations in its circuitous and laborious passage. When the divide is crossed there is another series of gorges, another mountain torrent is followed in its windings from the summit, and the magueyes, the thatched Indian cabins, and the gypsy bundles of bright costumes are in keeping with the scenic surroundings. The stately Nevado de Toluca, rivalled in height only by Popocatepetl, Orizaba, and Ixtaccihuatl, looms up from the valley of San Lazar to make the last stage of the journey as impressive as the first. Toluca is one of the oldest Mexican cities, having been one of the strongholds of the Toltecs before the ascendancy of the Aztecs was established in the great valley by the lakes; but it is one of the newest and most modern in its general appearance. Toluca, in fact, affects a jaunty, youthful air, and does not care to be reminded of its ancient history. This laudable affectation of newness does not enable it to dispense with two of the old-time abominations—a miracle-working image and a bull-ring. In the vicinity of Toluca one of the characteristic products of the Mexican table-land can be seen in its highest state of cultivation. This is the maguey or century plant, known to science as the *Agave Americana*. It is the vegetable well from which pulque is drawn—the chief and almost the only native brew. Its leaves furnish the fibre exported as *ixtle*, for the manufacture of rope, brushes, and cloth. The same fibre supplies material for paper, and it has many other industrial uses. Indian women take the prickly points of the spiky leaves and make pins and needles of them. Their husbands thatch their huts with the dried leaves and also burn them as fuel when a fire is to be kindled. It is a wonderful plant, growing in profusion throughout the plateau and generally in soil where nothing else will thrive. At Toluca it is a sheaf of broad green blades from three to ten feet in height. While it grows wild in every patch of neglected ground, it is cultivated on a large scale both for pulque and *ixtle*, and is one of the most profitable crops. The Indian race, with its inexhaustible patience, is admirably fitted to stand watch over this plant and to milk it at the proper time and seasons. There are certain signs of maturity which do not escape the practised eye. When the stem suddenly shoots up and the bending leaves are straight and bristling, the time for blooming is at hand. The stem is then

cut off and the heart of the plant is pierced with a sharp spoon, and a cavity several inches deep is made, so as to allow the sap to collect. At sunrise, noon, and at sunset the honey-water, as it is called, is drawn off by means of a long gourd, one end of which is in the liquid and the other in the Indian's mouth. From the gourd the sap is emptied into earthen jars and thence carried into cellars, where it is to be fermented. The milking continues day after day until the juice dries up. Then the leaves are cut off, washed, and dressed, and the fibre is sent to market as *ixtle* and exported in enormous quantities. One Indian can take charge of three hundred *magueyes* a day during the milking season. The dressing of the leaves furnishes employment for thousands of Indian women, since it is largely done by hand, the strength of the fibre being impaired by machinery. The most vigorous plants when they have reached maturity in the eighth year will yield from three to seven quarts of liquid a day for a period of four or five months. These are *magueyes* planted on good ground and watered during dry seasons. The same plants at their best will produce as many as twenty-five pounds of *ixtle*. If allowed to blossom the *maguey* will exhaust itself and die; but if protected against premature suicide it bears a hundred-fold. Growing ordinarily in a thin and sterile soil, it seems to have power to draw milk and honey out of the rocks. For productive energy it is one of the marvels of the vegetable kingdom. As *pulque* is the national drink, the *maguey* is accounted by stern moralists to be the blighting curse of the country. This seems to be an ill-considered indictment of beneficent nature, which has clothed the valleys and hillsides of the Mexican table-land with the blue-green verdure of the *Agave Americana*. In the hot lands where *pulque* is not made there are worse liquors brewed from the settlings of cane-sugar. These would have been a substitute in the highlands for *pulque* if the *magueyes* had bloomed in Mexico as in Northern greenhouses—once in a generation or a century. *Pulque* when unfermented is as harmless as new cider, and much of what is drunk in enormous quantities by the *peons* is of this kind. Then there is the fermented *pulque*, which, while rich in alcohol, is not so maddening an intoxicant as the cheap brandy and rum brewed in Mexico as well as in other Spanish-American countries. The Toltec tradition is

that the ruin and dispersion of the race were caused by the discovery that a cheering and inebriating drink could be distilled from the prickly maguey clumps. It was a woman, naturally enough, who made the first honeyed brew and tempted man to taste and find out how happy and wise he could be; and the king was well pleased with his draught and straightway married the fair brewer; and then all the race drank pulque and went to the demnition bow-wows. This is the tradition, and the moralists have drawn inspiration from it to this day. They will have it that pulque is the chief cause of the degradation of the working-classes of Mexico. They overlook the manifold uses made of this wonderful plant in the great plateau tenanted by the poorest population on earth—that it not only provides their drink indeed, but also their great fibre industry, covering for their houses, fuel with which to cook their scanty meals, and even food itself—for the roots of it are wholesome and nourishing when cooked. The maguey is the peon's staff of life as well as his strong wine. The legend of the image of Los Remedios, the neglected shrine on the road from Mexico to Toluca, is connected with the maguey. One of the soldiers who followed Cortes in his retreat on the forlorn night carried with him an image of the Virgin and hid it under a maguey plant. Subsequently an Indian chief found this image after repeatedly seeing an apparition of the Virgin, and a temple with a magnificent shrine was built on the sacred ground. Our Lady of the Remedios and the Magueyes was the patroness of Mexico, and whenever there was pestilence in the city or drought in the land solemn invocations were offered by processions of priests at her shrine. The Mexicans are religious, but they are also patriotic. Their veneration for the Virgin of the Remedios was impaired when she took sides with the Royalists in the War of Independence. Then they transferred their affections to the other Virgin of Guadalupe, whose sympathies were with the rebel republicans. What might be good religion was very bad politics. As the Lady of Guadalupe increased the Lady of Remedios decreased. The overthrow of Spain carried with it the prestige of the shrine built where the image was found. It was a melancholy illustration of the folly of mingling politics with religion.

IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

The Beach at Cumberland....Frank L. Stanton....Atlanta Constitution

You may talk about your medders where the birds are sing-
ing sweet

An' violets by the million feel like velvet 'neath your feet;
Of your pasters green an' glorious, by the woodlan' breezes
fanned,

But they can't hol' half a candle to the beach at Cumberland!

The day when first I seed it, all shinin' with the shells,
An' heard the winds a-tinklin' o'er the waves like silver bells—
Its whitenin', bright'nin', windin' and blindin' beauty grand,
I jes' say "halleluia!" on the beach at Cumberland!

I sung it an' I shouted it again an' once again,
An' the sea-win's caught the chorus an' they roared a long
"Amen!"

An' I sent my ole black beaver jes' a skimmin' down the
strand,

Till they like to thought me crazy on the beach at Cumberland!

You see, I wasn't use to it. My mill pond in the south,
Hain't never yet got mad enough fer foamin' at the mouth,
Like them thar waves that made their graves in sparklin'
leagues o' sand—

An' washed the white, sweet faces of the shells on Cumberland!

So I stood there by the ocean, and with all my heart an' soul,
I shouted loud before the crowd: "She's bully! Let 'er roll!"
An' they said: "The man is crazy!" but they couldn't under-
stand

That the good Lord jes' had brought me to the beach at
Cumberland!

An' when I seed them lovely gals, with cheeks half red an'
white

A dancin' in their bathin' suits, an' lookin' sich a site,
I got me one an' put it on, and j'ined the joyful band,
An' the ole man took a header from the beach at Cumberland!

Oh, the wimmin' an' the swimmin' in the brimmin', brimmin'
sea!

I didn't think this old world had a joy like that for me!
The rumatism's left me, an' I'm goin' to take my stand
In a bathin' suit till winter—on the beach at Cumberland!

His Longing....Ernest McGaffey....Judge

I'm a-goin' back to the country; I'm sick o' this derved old
town;

It's a reggeler flyin' Dutchman, a-whirlin' aroun' an' aroun'.
I'd as lief be locked in a prison an' workin' away in a cell;
I don't say farms is heaven, but a city is mos'ly hell.

Death in the food an' water, an' nary a soul to care;
Death on the streets an' crossin's, an' death in the cussid air;
Why, blamed if the men an' women draw hardly a quiet breath,
Fer broodin' over the city is the black-faced angel o' death.

I want to git out in the country an' set on the ole side porch.
Long of a Sunday mornin', when folks is goin' to church,
An' hear the waggins a-creakin' along the dusty roads,
Filled to the backs with children—the ginooine Sunday loads;

A-settin' there in the sunshine an' smokin' away like a Turk,
An' up in the furdest corner a-watchin' the wasps at work,
An' squintin' 'cross to the orchard where apples is goin' to
waste,

A sizin' up the biggest an' wonderin' how they'd taste;

A-thinkin' about the winter an' the girls an' the cider-press
An' hick'ry nuts an' apples, an' the rest of it—well, I guess!
You kin talk of your life in a palace, in the city or out to sea,
But if you would like to get livin', come out on the farm with
me.

An' I'll make you waller in clover till you've clean forgot
the choke

Of the dust of your tarnal city an' its hangin' clouds o' smoke;
An' I'll take you out to the pasture an' show you a chunk of sky
That you needn't be feared of lookin' at fer a cinder in your
eye.

So come with me to the homestead an' rest your heart an' eyes,
An' git your fill o' chicken an' doughnuts an' apple-pies.
I'm dyin' to see a river as clear as a pane o' glass—
I'm like old Nebbykudnezzer, so turn me out to grass.

Weakly Dick....Will White....Fairhaven Herald

Long ago before the 'hoppers and the drouth of sixty-four,
Long before we talked of boomin', long before the first
Grange store,
Long before there was a city on the bank of Willer Crick,
Come a womern doin' washin' and a littul boy named Dick.
Kinder weakly like an' sick;
Wasn't even common quick;
An' the folks said 'at his daddy used to be a loonytick.

He was undersized an' ugly an' was tongue-tied in his talk;
Awkward an' near-sighted, an' he couldn't more'n walk;
An' the other boys all teased him; no one knew the reason why,
'Cept to hear his mother pet him, "There, ma's angul, there,
do'n' cry."

When they was nobody nigh
She would set by him an' sigh;
An' she'd comb his hair an' kiss him;
"Ma's boy ull be well, bye'm bye."

But instead of gettin' stronger Dick grew thinner ev'ry year;
An' although his legs got longer, his pore brain ketched in
the geer.

But he always loved the crick so, an' 'twas there 'at he 'u'd play;
Killing lucky bugs an' buildin' dams 'at always broke away.

But his mother used to pray:

"God make Dickie strong some day;"

God 'u'd make him strong an' happy, her "poor angul,"
she'd say.

They was not a long percession when he died; an' all I mind
Was a little green farm wagon with two churs set in behind.
But it held a lonely mother sobbin' wildly for her own;
An' the sorrow ate in deeper for she knew she grieved alone.

'Mid the sunflow'rs lightly blown,
Where the sticker weeds are sown,
No one knows the hopes an' heartaches berried 'neath
that rough cut stone.

SCIENCE, INVENTION, INDUSTRY

The Only Balloon Farm....Rain-producing Bombs....Utica Observer

There is but one balloon farm in the world, and that is at Frankfort. Carl Myers is the man who has the balloon farm. About half a mile from the village of Frankfort, and ten miles from Utica, this unique institution is found. The farm consists of only five acres, but it is a busy place. Professor Myers calls his balloon manufactory a farm because the same conditions of weather are necessary for balloon making as for farming. Good hay weather is good balloon weather. In a ravine, back of the house, the principal part of the work is carried on. Here the cloth used in the manufacture of the balloon is varnished and hung on lines to dry. When it has been varnished eight or ten times it is taken to the house, cut into strips and sewed together into balloons. The seams must be revarnished by hand, when the cloth is put together, and then the air ship is ready to receive the netting and the basket, to fit it for air navigation. The machinery, as well as the materials used, are almost entirely of Professor Myers's invention. The cloth is simply cotton cloth of a particularly light and strong quality, covered with varnish of a peculiar manufacture, put on with machinery of his own invention. The varnish machine is a series of rollers and scrapers, through which the cloth passes after first passing through a reservoir containing the varnish. When it leaves the machine there is a thin, but very uniform, coat of varnish on each side of the cloth, which dries in about six hours, when the process is repeated until the cloth has sufficient varnish to make it thoroughly impervious. Professor Myers has accomplished what has never been done before, and that is produced a material which is impervious to hydrogen gas. It will dissipate itself through the pores of the densest metal or the most perfect glass, but when in Professor Myers's balloon it will remain as long as necessary for ordinary uses. Great care must be taken in handling the cloth during the manufacture, as rain must not be allowed to fall upon it, nor the wind be allowed to play upon it. Consequently it is dried in a sheltered ravine, which can be made more secure from the wind by spreading a canvas fence around it. When it rains the cloth must be carried to the

house and hung on lines, for if it were left in contact it would take fire by spontaneous combustion. The house in which Professor Myers lives is a handsome three-story mansion, filled from cellar to roof with balloons, or with material or books suggesting balloons. He has a large library filled with books on aeronautics and all kindred subjects, and his success in balloon manufacture is due to deep study and intelligent application of principles. The rain-producing bombs which the United States Government are experimenting with are made by Professor Myers. They could be made at no other place in the country. General Dyrenforth is the special officer in charge of the experiments, and he was found at the balloon farm recently. He was making the final arrangements with Professor Myers for a trip to Northern Texas, where extensive experiments will be made to see if rain cannot be produced by explosions in the air. One hundred balloons, each ten feet in diameter, have been made and shipped to Texas for this purpose. This is the arid region of the United States, and if rain can be produced artificially upon this land it will be of the greatest benefit to the farmers in Southern Kansas and Texas, as well as South Dakota and other portions of the country. In a few words, the plan is to inflate a balloon with one part of oxygen gas and two parts of hydrogen gas. A small ordinary cartridge, connected with two wires, is placed in the balloon, and the whole is sent up. When the balloon is sufficiently high the cartridge is exploded by means of electricity sent through the wires and the two gases unite, forming water. This serves as a nucleus to precipitate the moisture of the atmosphere, and there is rain. Last May Professor Myers and General Dyrenforth made their first experiment in this line in the ravine a short distance from the farm. Then a few balloons were taken to Washington, and in the presence of several officers and scientific men another experiment was held. There was perfect success. The balloon was exploded and the gases united with the most terrific report and brilliant illumination. It rivals the sun in brilliancy. Professor Myers says that the explosion that would occur if a twenty-foot balloon were employed would cause the most terrific report ever heard on earth. In the experiments to be performed in Texas there will be bombs of dynamite carried up by kites and exploded in the air, and mortars will discharge large quantities of giant

powder. Professor Myers has shipped to Texas the most unique outfit ever gotten together in the world. It is a complete laboratory to be used out of doors for the manufacture of all the gases and chemicals to be used in the experiments. The most ingenious and practical air ship ever constructed is that invented by Prof. Carl Myers, which he calls his sky bicycle air ship. It is operated by a screw which revolves a sail, much as a screw propeller acts in the water. The machinery is held in the air by a cigar-shaped balloon, which can be guided through the air with the greatest ease.

The Drift of Bottles.....Ocean Currents.....New York Sun

Some very interesting facts appear upon the chart just issued by the Hydrographic Bureau to exhibit the drift of bottles thrown into the North Atlantic Ocean at different points for the purpose of determining the direction and velocity of the surface currents of the sea. The average distance travelled by 113 bottles, in a mean period of 150 days, was 869 miles, and the average rate of drift was 5.8 miles a day. Since many of the bottles were found on sea beaches, and as the length of their stay upon the beach before they were discovered is unknown, although necessarily counted in the total time elapsed since they were thrown overboard, it is evident that the average velocity of drift mentioned is considerably under the truth. The greatest velocity shown is 18.7 miles a day, and the least 0.3 of a mile a day. It should be said, however, that the smallest velocities in the tables accompanying the chart are exhibited by bottles that have been adrift for comparatively short times, and had not, therefore, been exposed to the effects of long-continued or successive gales. In some cases, however, velocities above the average are shown by bottles that had floated only a short time. The first general fact that strikes the eye in viewing the chart is that the bottles followed the known tracks of storms, and the direction of ocean currents whose existence has been ascertained in other ways. Those thrown over near the coast of the United States travelled along the path of the Gulf Stream as far as it is clearly traceable, and then continued on in the general course pursued by cyclones, which cross the North Atlantic and reach the British Isles. Those thrown over in mid-ocean half-way between Newfoundland and the coast of Europe, generally followed a long curved path as far south

as the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands, and then, turning westward with the trade winds, ended their adventures among the West India Islands. Bottles started between the projecting shoulders of Africa and South America also drifted in a northwesterly direction until they reached the Windward Islands. There is a striking appearance of a great whirl in the ocean, two or three thousand miles in diameter, and centred in the middle of the Atlantic, as indicated by the paths of the bottles drawn on the chart. The imagination is impressed with the suggestion of individuality and of life and motion that these great current-lines give to the sea. One interesting characteristic of the drift of the tell-tale bottles is that in almost every case where a bottle was thrown overboard within a few hundred miles of land, it drifted straight ashore, as if impelled by some attraction. In many cases an island was the nearest land, and the bottles floated direct to the island as though it were the fabled mountain of adamant in the Arabian Nights, that had the power of drawing ships from afar into its deadly embrace. Two bottles dropped into the sea some 500 miles from the coast of Africa, and about 200 miles apart, in 4° or 5° of north latitude, were found to have met at a point on the African shore nearly four months after their voyage began. Other equally curious indications of the play of winds and currents over the never-resting Atlantic can be seen in this interesting little chart.

An Accidental Discovery....Litho-Carbon....New York Advertiser

Some years ago a sportsman with rod and line was fishing from the bank of a particularly inviting stream just a little south of the centre of the State of Texas. At the base of a long pool, a ledge, standing edgewise, crossed the stream from one bank to the other, forming a dam, over which the crystal liquid flowed, breaking into foam as it fell below. The sportsman undertook to cross on the crest of this natural dam where the water was shallow. As he walked through the thin stream, placing one foot carefully before the other, he noticed that the ledge was yielding, like an asphalt pavement baked in the August sun. Reaching the other shore, he observed that there was a broad, high, and clearly developed vein of the same material as that of which the ledge was formed, making into the bank. It was of a dark brown color, and contrasted sharply with the reddish earth on either

powder. Professor Myers has shipped to Texas the most unique outfit ever gotten together in the world. It is a complete laboratory to be used out of doors for the manufacture of all the gases and chemicals to be used in the experiments. The most ingenious and practical air ship ever constructed is that invented by Prof. Carl Myers, which he calls his sky bicycle air ship. It is operated by a screw which revolves a sail, much as a screw propeller acts in the water. The machinery is held in the air by a cigar-shaped balloon, which can be guided through the air with the greatest ease.

The Drift of Bottles....Ocean Currents....New York Sun

Some very interesting facts appear upon the chart just issued by the Hydrographic Bureau to exhibit the drift of bottles thrown into the North Atlantic Ocean at different points for the purpose of determining the direction and velocity of the surface currents of the sea. The average distance travelled by 113 bottles, in a mean period of 150 days, was 869 miles, and the average rate of drift was 5.8 miles a day. Since many of the bottles were found on sea beaches, and as the length of their stay upon the beach before they were discovered is unknown, although necessarily counted in the total time elapsed since they were thrown overboard, it is evident that the average velocity of drift mentioned is considerably under the truth. The greatest velocity shown is 18.7 miles a day, and the least 0.3 of a mile a day. It should be said, however, that the smallest velocities in the tables accompanying the chart are exhibited by bottles that have been adrift for comparatively short times, and had not, therefore, been exposed to the effects of long-continued or successive gales. In some cases, however, velocities above the average are shown by bottles that had floated only a short time. The first general fact that strikes the eye in viewing the chart is that the bottles followed the known tracks of storms, and the direction of ocean currents whose existence has been ascertained in other ways. Those thrown over near the coast of the United States travelled along the path of the Gulf Stream as far as it is clearly traceable, and then continued on in the general course pursued by cyclones, which cross the North Atlantic and reach the British Isles. Those thrown over in mid-ocean half-way between Newfoundland and the coast of Europe, generally followed a long curved path as far south

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An Accidental Discovery....Litho-Carbon....New York Advertiser

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side. This sportsman was something of a prospector, too. He had found valuable mines in Mexico, and Arizona, and Idaho. It was, therefore, almost an instinct with him to examine all mineral croppings that came under his observation. With a stout pocket knife he cut out a large lump of the clinging brown vein and looked at it closely. It was a mass of sea shells, held together by sand, covered with a dark, intensely sticky film of the color of dark brown sugar, and possessing neither taste nor odor. The presence of the shells, which lay thickly in the whole vein, showed that where he stood the ocean had once ebbed and flowed. But what this deposit could be, or by what action of Nature's chemistry it had been formed, was to him a complete mystery. From the top of the bank his practised eye could detect the clear outcroppings of the vein, running away to the east and west as far as he could see. Whatever it was, he could see that there lay before him an enormous supply of this strange, clinging stuff, mixed with sea shells. Tying his large lump of new-found mineral substance in his handkerchief, the prospector proceeded toward camp. That night he tried to melt the mass. It would not yield in the least to any heat he could produce. Weeks afterward, in New York, he tried acids upon it without avail. He began to feel a deep curiosity about this stubborn stuff that held its secret so closely. He exhausted all his knowledge of the art of reducing minerals, without producing a single tangible result. The more he experimented the more completely was he baffled. But the apparent impossibility of producing results only spurred him to further endeavors. He had a kind of instinctive belief that to every mystery of the earth there is a key which, when produced, unlocks a treasure chest. So, when he had exhausted his own knowledge, he took samples of his material to chemical experts wherever he could find them. For a long time this process, too, was without result. None of the scientific men could tell him what it was he had found. One day he received word to call on a chemist to whom he had given a small quantity of the matter some weeks previously. He replied to the invitation in person. In the laboratory he was shown a little heap of perfectly white sand and sea-shells lying on the table, while in the bottom of a glass vessel near by was a quantity of intensely, brilliantly black stuff of about the density of chilled molasses. This matter, the chemist ex-

plained, had been extracted from the combination of sea-shells and sand by the application of a bath of common benzin. Where all the scientific methods of reduction had failed to make the slightest impression, a benzin bath instantly dissolved the sticky film and had completely separated it from the particles of sand and shell. Quantities of the material were quietly brought to New York, and a series of experiments followed, covering a period of more than two years' time. Dr. Frederick Salathe has a laboratory fitted up on the top floor of the building at No. 19 Park Place. It is here that he has conducted the various examinations which have unsealed the secret of the Texas mineral, to which he has given, by reason of its various properties, the title Litho-Carbon. He has discovered that it makes the most perfect insulator yet discovered; that it may be used as a paint that will resist the action of heat, salt air, salt or fresh water, gases or the other influences that destroy the paints now in use; that it will make a perfect varnish which the ammonia gases of the stable will not tarnish, and that will remain undisturbed under all atmospheric conditions; that it may be rolled into a tissue that is entirely free from odor and practically indestructible when employed in the making of mackintoshes, canvas belting, waterproof tents, etc.; that it possesses peculiar powers of penetration when applied at high temperatures, enabling it to enter and fill the pores of iron and steel, making these metals absolutely impervious to acids, etc., and making common leather entirely waterproof, and that it may be applied to wood-pulp in such a way as to transform that material into what looks and acts like ebony or horn. These claims of Dr. Salathe have been verified by the examinations of technical experts in each of the directions mentioned, as it is attested by the great heap of testimony signed by the various well-known men who have tested Dr. Salathe's statements one by one and sifted his claims to the bottom. Accepting all this testimony, it will be seen that a revolution is likely to occur in many important fields of commerce. It is possible to saturate a steamship plate in hot litho-carbon and produce a remarkable result. Thus prepared that plate will not be touched by barnacles, can never rust, and will not foul. Covered with a layer of paint made of this matter a ship or a seaside house will permanently resist the action of the atmosphere or water. A

portion of the smokestack of the steamer Dean Richmond, where the heat by the use of a "blower" rises to 800° Fahrenheit, was painted with litho-carbon months ago, and remains undisturbed and unblistered, while other parts of the vessel have necessarily been painted many times. A shingle covered with litho-carbon paint has lain for months in a tank of salt water in a great paint warehouse down-town without showing a sign of change, while another shingle, covered with the very best previously known paint, has necessarily received coating after coating to preserve its surface. A piece of sheet-iron covered with a coat of litho-carbon japan was, in the presence of the writer, subjected to an actual heat of 415° Fahrenheit without crack or blister, and remains so tenacious that the iron may be bent at any angle without in the least disturbing the glossy surface. The insulating qualities of the Texas product have been tested variously. Professor Hamilton, the electrician of the Western Electric Company, certifies that under tests executed in the most exhaustive manner, a wire prepared with a covering of litho-carbon showed a resistance of over 7,000 megohms per mile. He adds that no other known wire shows a resistance of 1,000 megohms per mile. He reports also that braided or naked wire, merely soaked in litho-carbon liquid, will be covered with a film withstanding temperatures up to 600° Fahrenheit, and that a very thin film insures perfect insulation. In the transportation of nitrates, coarse burlaps or gunny sacks are used by the million. One of these sacks rarely lasts for more than a single brief voyage, owing to the action of the acids, which eat away the fabric. Three of these bags, saturated with litho-carbon and filled to their utmost with the destructive nitrates, have been lying for five months in an importing house in New York and they do not show the slightest sign of injury, even under the microscope. A common paper bag, soaked in this black liquid, may be filled with milk, water, acid, alkali, or any liquid, excepting the petroleum series, tied up at the mouth with a string, and carried any distance without fear of leakage or injury to its contents. It will be an odd development of household economy when our milk, vinegar, liquors, etc., come home from the grocer's in paper bags. For varnishing railways cars and private carriages, and painting iron bridges, roofs, steamships, houses, etc., this material acts as an insulator and, according

to the experts, will neither crack nor blister under any known atmospheric temperature. At great heat litho-carbon will soften, but it cannot take fire at any point. Careful and practical investigation shows there are thousands upon thousands of acres of the raw material in the State of Texas, the veins ranging in depth from two to forty feet. How it got there is a mystery. Whether it was left as it is in the far-back ages when the ocean receded, or whether it was deposited among the sea-shells and sand at a later period, no man knows. But, whatever its origin, there it is, and its varied and wonderful uses are attracting the attention of scientific and commercial men to a greater extent than they have been attracted by any recent development of the natural products of this great country.

Dreams of Invention....Anticipating Science....The Independent

Some curious instances of the way in which science and invention in this century have realized the most fanciful dreams of romancers of earlier days are collected by a writer in the *Revue Scientifique*. Mother Shipton's prophecies—which we know were not prophecies at all, but written by a practical joker after the fact—fail to meet the conditions as exactly as do some of these avowedly imaginative tales of wonder. Thus, as long ago as 1632, there was described, in a little monthly publication called the *Courier Veritable*, something very like Edison's phonograph. We quote from a translation in the *Popular Science Monthly*. "Captain Vosterloch has returned from his voyage to the southern lands which he started on two years and a half ago, by order of the States-General. He tells us, among other things, that in passing through a strait below Magellan's, he landed in a country where Nature has furnished men with a kind of sponges which hold sounds and articulations as our sponges hold liquids. So, when they wish to dispatch a message to a distance, they speak to one of the sponges, and then send it to their friends. They, receiving the sponges, take them up gently and press out the words that have been spoken into them, and learn by this admirable means all that their correspondents desire them to know." A yet nearer approach to this invention was conceived in 1650 by Cyrano de Bergerac, who wrote of a journey to the countries of the moon. The supernatural being who acted as his guide gave

him for his entertainment some of the books of the country, inclosed in boxes. This is what he saw and heard: "On opening the box I found inside a concern of metal, something like one of our watches, full of curious little springs and minute machinery. It was really a book, but a wonderful book that has no leaves or letters; a book, for the understanding of which the eyes are of no use—only the ears are necessary. When any one wishes to read, he winds up the machine with its great number of nerves of all kinds, and turns the pointer to the chapter he wishes to hear, when there come out, as if from the mouth of a man or of an instrument of music, the distinct and various sounds which serve the Great Lunarians as the expression of language." In 1760 another dreamer, Tiphaigne de La Roche, published under the title of Giphantie, an anagram of his name, a curious little work in which photography is described—in the ultimate state to which it has just been brought—with the reproduction of the colors. Tiphaigne supposes himself transported to the palace of the elementary genii, the chief of whom told him: "You know that the rays of light, reflected from different bodies, form a picture and depict those bodies on all smooth surfaces, like the retina of the eye, water, and ice. The elementary spirits have endeavored to fix those transient images; they have composed a very subtle and viscous matter, quick in drying and hardening, by means of which a picture is made in a wink. They wash a piece of cloth with this matter, and present it to the objects which they desire to depict. The first effect of the varnished cloth is that of a mirror, in which one can see all the bodies, near and distant, of which the light can bring the image. The cloth with its viscous coating holds the images, which the glass cannot do. The mirror represents the objects faithfully to you but retains none; our cloths represent them no less faithfully, but keep them all. The impression of the images is made the instant the cloth receives them. It is taken away at once, and put in a dark place; an hour later, the coating has dried, and you have a picture, all the more precious, because no art can imitate the truthfulness of it, and time cannot damage it in any way. We take from the purest source, the body of light, the colors which painters extract from different materials, and which time never fails to change. The precision of the design, the

variety of the expression, the touches of more or less strength, the gradation of shades, the rules of perspective, are all abandoned to Nature, which, with a sure course that is never false to itself, traces on our cloths the images which are imposed by her on our eyes, and causes us to question whether what we call realities are not other kinds of phantoms imposed upon our sight, hearing, touch, and all the senses at once." The elementary spirit then went into physical details; first, on the nature of the adhesive substance which intercepts and holds the rays; then on the difficulties met in preparing and using it; and, lastly, on the part played by light and the dried substance; three problems which I propose to the physicists of our time, and leave to their sagacity. And for more than a century they have been at work upon them, and not even now have they fully solved them.

What a Dynamo Is....Alternating Currents Explained....Knowledge

The first dynamo-electric machine ever constructed was that made by Faraday. This great physicist, the prince of experimenters, as he has been called, discovered that when a disc or flat plate of copper was made to rotate between the poles of a powerful magnet, currents were produced in the plate from the centre outward. By making a wire touch the revolving plate with one of its ends and bringing the other one in contact with the rim, he found that a current of electricity passed along the wire and could be made to indicate its existence by deflecting the needle of a galvanometer, decomposing a chemical solution, or by any of the well-known effects produced by electricity in motion. Faraday saw the importance of this discovery and the great uses in the way of practical application to which it might be put, but he did not himself stay to develop it. He left that to others, and with it the wealth which might thus be acquired, and himself went on to investigate other obscure and little-known phenomena connected with physics and electricity, regarding this as his proper work and exhibiting in his conduct the true scientific spirit. When, many years afterward, he went to see the first application of this discovery of his to the production of the illumination of the North Foreland Lighthouse, he said, after looking at the large magneto-electric machines there, "I gave it to you an infant; you have made it a giant." Dynamo and magneto-electric machines consist

essentially of a coil of wire—"the armature," as it is called—rotating between the poles of a large magnet, the poles being bent round so as to approach each other and have the armature between them. This magnet may be either a permanent magnet of hard steel, or an electro-magnet consisting of wire coiled round a soft iron core, a current of electricity being made to circle round the wire coil, and thus magnetizing the iron core while it lasts. It is the latter arrangement which is almost universally used now, though the magneto machines with permanent magnets were the earliest form. A magnet produces an influence in the neighborhood around it, and this surrounding neighborhood is known as the "field of force" of the magnet—*i.e.*, the sphere in which its influence can be felt. A magnetic needle or bit of iron-filing placed in this field sets itself to point along the "lines of force" of the field; that is, the lines along which the magnetic force acts, and which form curves round the magnet, running out, as it were, from pole to pole, and curving round to the other. Any one may see the form of these lines of force for himself by placing a bar-magnet underneath a sheet of paper, and then sprinkling iron-filings on the paper. On tapping this the filings will set themselves along the lines of force in beautiful regular curves. Here the small fragments of iron are themselves made magnets while under the influence of the powerful magnet in whose "field" they are, and therefore place themselves lengthwise along the lines of force; that is, along the line of action of the resultant magnetic force at the place where each one is. When a coil of wire, or armature, is made to revolve rapidly in the strong field of force which occupies the space between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, currents are produced in the coil. These currents alter their direction through the coil every time the latter changes its position with reference to the poles of the magnet. The side of the coil which was opposite the north pole is after half a revolution opposite the south pole, and the influence of the south pole tends to produce an opposite current to that of the north pole. Here we have an "alternate current" dynamo machine. As the coil, or armature, rotates with great speed—some hundreds of revolutions per minute—these currents, in alternating directions, succeed each other very rapidly, and if an electric arc lamp is placed on the circuit, it will be lit up. In this

case it is not necessary that the current be sent round the circuit in one direction only; but although the terminals of the lamp are constantly changing their polarity—that is, the north pole where the current enters the next instant becomes the south pole where the current leaves—yet as this occurs many times in one second, the effect produced is the same as if the current was in one uniform direction. The lamp has no time to get cool; it does not go out before the oppositely-directed current passes through it and produces the same effect as the previous one. No flickering is observable. The impression produced by the glowing carbon on the human eye is retained by the retina for a far longer period than the duration of one surge of electricity through the lamp, and is not gone before the effect produced by the succeeding opposite wave makes its impression on our nerves. The Jablochhoff lamps used lately on the Thames Embankment are meant for this system of electric lighting with alternating currents. In a “continuous current” dynamo, which is necessary for some purposes, such as electro-plating, where the effect desired could not be produced if the direction of the current was continually altering, the electric current is made to pass always one way round the external circuit. This result is got by using the ingenious device of a commutator, which automatically deflects the current so as always to send it in an unvarying direction through the plating bath or the electric lamp, as the case may be. This commutator consists simply of a split tube, which is attached to the revolving armature, and may be seen in any dynamo working on the continuous system. This tube revolves with the revolving armature, and it is divided by an insulating substance into two parts; each half is alternately on the left and right of the space between the poles of the magnet, and the “brushes” which collect the current from the armature—*i.e.*, the bundles of copper wire spread out like a brush which form each end of the outer circuit—are fixed in position, and the revolving commutator attached to the armature brings alternately one of its half-tubes into contact with a brush. Thus the half of the commutator which receives the current changes at the same time that the direction of the current through the coils of the armature is reversed; in this way the current sent out to the brush which receives the electric current from the armature is always in the same direction.

CURIOSITIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

The Kid....British Printer



When I was a little lad
 Lovely curly hair I had;
 Rounded cheeks and all the while
 Playing 'round my mouth a smile.

The Difference....The Chicago Graphic

When you're in the lap of luxury, under blue, unclouded skies,
 A dollar seems to you to be—well, just about this size:

\$

But when you are not "in it" and your hits all seem to miss,
 A "case" appears to you to be about the size of this:

\$

A, B, C of Poker....Yenowine News

A is the "ante," **B** is the "bluff;"
C is the cash which is vulgarly "stuff,"
D is the "draw," a momentous event;
E is for "elevate," takes your last cent;
F is the fun you have when you win;
G is the "gillie" who loses his tin;
H is the hand that is dealt to you "pat;"
I stands for "in;" an important thing that,
J is the "jack-pot" whose praises we sing;
K is the "kitty," vivacious young thing;
L is the loser, he's always around;
M is the money what does not abound;
N is the "noodle" that plays up "two pair,"
O is the opener laying his snare;
P is for poker, our national game;
Q stands for quit—but you don't all the same;
R is for raise and it often sounds hard;
S is the "squeezer" that's marked on the card;

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY

"These are the Eternal Questions."

The New Life....Lyman Abbott....Christian Union

The need of a new and divine life is universal. It was not merely the Greek in the first century, it is not merely the African and the Chinese in the nineteenth, that need to be reformed. No intellectual development, no social refinement, no culture, no moral obedience to laws of conduct, can take the place of spiritual life. It is the absolute necessity of humanity, without which no man can ever see, much less enter, the kingdom of God. No finger-drilling will enable a girl to see the kingdom of music; no Greek grammatical grind will enable a college student to see the kingdom of literature. The artistic sense, the literary sense, must be born before art or literature are even so much as seen. So no drill in creed or ritual will ever open the windows of the kingdom of God and let the soul look in. The sense of spiritual realities must be born within the soul. A new life must be begun. And this life must be born from above. The impulse to it, the power of it, must be conferred. It can no more be evolved out of the intellectual or social life than they can be evolved out of a purely physical life. The dust of the earth prays to become a rose. Its aspirations cannot answer themselves. The rose puts forth its rootlets, and takes up the inorganic juices, and transforms them into woody fibre and living sap, and confers on them the mystery of life, and transforms them from soil into the bloom and the fragrance of the flower in the sunlight of the upper world. The cherry longs to fly from its perch. The robin plucks it, converts it into living tissue, and makes it over from cherry into robin; and so, born again, it flies into the sunshine and flings a song into the air. Life is never spontaneous. It is always a new creation; and a creation requires a Creator.

Death.....A Marvellous Panorama....Amiel's Journal

Is death the passage from the successive to the simultaneous—that is to say, from time to eternity? Shall we then understand, in its unity, the poem or mysterious episode of our existence, which till then we have spelled out phrase by

phrase? And is this the secret of that glory which so often enwraps the brow and countenance of those who are newly dead? If so, death would be like the arrival of a traveller at the top of a great mountain, whence he sees spread out before him the whole configuration of the country, of which till then he had had but passing glimpses. To be able to overlook one's own history, to divine its meaning in the general concert and in the divine plan, would be the beginning of eternal felicity. Till then we had sacrificed ourselves to the universal order, but then we should understand and appreciate the beauty of that order. We had toiled and labored under the conductor of the orchestra; and we should find ourselves become surprised and delighted hearers. We had seen nothing but our own little path in the mist; and suddenly a marvellous panorama and boundless distances would open before our dazzled eyes. Why not?

Active Life Beyond the Grave....F. W. H. Meyers....Nineteenth Century

The effort to prove there is life beyond the grave is sometimes spoken of as selfish, by the very men who declare themselves most eager to promote the terrestrial welfare of their fellows. It is hard to say why it should be philanthropic to desire the lesser boon for mankind, and selfish to desire the greater; unless, indeed, the genuine philanthropist is forbidden to aim at any common benefit in which he himself may expect to share. In reality, this confusion of mind has a deeper source; it is a vestige of the old monkish belief that man's welfare in the next world was something in itself idle and personal, and was to be attained by means inconsistent with man's welfare in this. Whether Christianity ever authorized such a notion I do not now inquire. It is certain, at any rate, that science will never authorize it. We are making as safe a deduction from world-wide analogy as man can ever make regarding things thus unknown, when we assume that spiritual evolution will follow the same laws as physical evolution; that there will be no discontinuity between terrene and post-terrene bliss or virtue, and that the next life, like this, will "resemble wrestling rather than dancing," and will find its best delight in progress, not attainable without effort so strenuous as may well resemble pain.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

Compensation....Her Day....Detroit Free Press

He was a mighty, rolling river,
 She was a little, rippling rill;
 He was a mountain naught could shiver,
 She was a tiny, shifting hill.

He was a lion, loudly roaring,
 She was a lambkin, born to love;
 He was an eagle, proudly soaring,
 She was a gentle, cooing dove.

He was a sturdy oak, defiant,
 She was a slender, clinging vine;
 He was a brave and brawny giant,
 She was a wee thing feminine.

Ah, but the day when they went shopping,
 She was the one who took the lead;
 She was the earth, so far o'ertopping
 Him that he seemed â mustard seed.

A New Idea....Moses Gage Shirley....Yankee Blade

"Oh, papa," said little Nellie,
 And a new thought to her springs,
 "What ailed the fallen angels,
 Couldn't they work their wings?"

Wine Pictures....Daniel O'Connell....The Argonaut

"Fill me a brimming goblet,"
 I said to my winsome wife;
 "Let me read in its bubbles reflected
 The story of its life."

From a flask long treasured and olden
 She filled the goblet up,
 And I spoke of the pictures that passed me
 In the bubbles of the cup.

Here is a generous vineyard
 On the slope of a pleasant hill:

Below the village lies sleeping
In the noontide warm and still.

I can hear the summons to labor,
And the maids come tripping along
To gather the grapes, while weaving
Their toil into blithesome song.

And one there is standing among them
Whose face is more fair and sweet
Than all others; like snow in the winter
Is the gleam of her bare white feet.

She plucks from the vine its burden—
They are fair, these maids of France—
And she whispers to one who will lead her
At eve through the village dance.

He answers—she blushes. The story
Is the old one, ever new—
The dawn of the dream—"and the ending,"
Quoth my wife, "I will read for you."

See how the glamour and glory,
Mark how the lustre divine,
In the hand of a woman departeth
From this cup of historic wine.

"I see in this bubble your maiden
A wan and a weary wife,
And I read in this wine the story
Of a sad and a wasted life.

"No vineyard is here, no music
Of villager's songs at eve,
But the wailing of wives heart-broken
And the sobs of mothers who grieve

"For sons and husbands and brothers
And many a grand, great soul."
Here I reached for the antique goblet,
And drained the delicious bowl,

And remarked to my wife, "When I started
This pleasing little romance

About vineyards and maidens and flirting,
And billing and cooing in France,

" 'Twas not to provoke a sermon—"
Here my wife in wrath went out,
And I fought with the bottle till daylight
In an old-time bachelor bout.

Enough....Tom Masson....Brooklyn Life

I shot a rocket in the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
Until next day, with rage profound,
The man it fell on came around.
In less time than it takes to tell,
He showed me where that rocket fell;
And now I do not greatly care
To shoot more rockets in the air.

A Sudden Shower....James Whitcomb Riley....Indianapolis Journal

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or scurry under the sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother voices call
From alien homes, and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then abrupt, the rain, the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into the town comes galloping
The farmer's horse with streaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly in spattered brown
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without beneath the rose bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

At the Races....The Flyer....Town Topics

She took my programme in her fingers taper,
And marked the horses with a dainty stroke;
Unlike the stories read of in the paper,
She didn't pick a winner—so I'm broke.

The Bug-a-boo....Lizzie M. Hadley....Kansas City Star

"I'll tell you something," says little Belle,
"If you're certain, sure, you'll never tell.
Well, then," whispered the little maid,
"My papa, a great, big man's afraid."
"Oh, isn't that funny enough?" laughed Sue,
"Your papa's afraid, and mine is, too.
Not of bears, or tigers, or bumble-bees,
It's something a thousand times worse than these.
It's a terrible thing that goes up and down
Through every city, village, or town."
"Oh, its name," cried Belle, "it's so dreadful, too,
Does your papa call it 'Republican,' Sue?"
Sue shakes her head. "Oh, it can't be that,
For my papa calls it a 'Democrat.'"

Motes and Beams....A Weighty Question....Our Monthly

On the dish lie three cigarettes, half burned,
And here is a silver flask of sherry,
A volume of Ouida, with leaves down turned,
And some poker chips—for the girls were merry.

But the club is hushed as President Kate,
Offers the question which Ethel has moved,
After a long and exciting debate—
"Shall morals of working-girls be improved?"

A STORM ON THE MOORS *

Dick rose impetuously and plunged across the boulders, from one to another, with an occasional leap over a miniature chasm, through the bilberry bushes, across the open spaces of grass, and on toward the mysterious castellated City of the Rocks, about which gruesome stories were told of human sacrifice in the days of the Druids.

The light was dying over the moors; the clouds banking up to westward were turning gray and black; the dying wind stirred stealthily among the crevices; every shadow seemed to conceal a secret. The scene, awful in its grandeur, was working upon his mind so strangely that he felt afraid of his own impressions. His personality shrank away shivering, as if it dared not face the Infinite in Time and Space that haunted the silence of this moorland city.

The stillness was broken at last by the patter of rain on the beech-trees at the foot of the cliffs, and on the slender little mountain-ash that grew out of a crevice close by. The niche in which Dick sat was roofed over by a slab, and he remained where he was, dry and secure. The rain increased rapidly, and presently it was pouring down out of the black clouds in straight, determined streams, made sharply visible by an occasional gleam of summer lightning.

The woods and hills and the little streams were in high revel, quaffing to one another in the heavenly vintage; the brook just below was singing a rollicking drinking-song, and the old Earth grew drunk and merry.

Presently he started up to listen to a sound other than that of the rain, that smote on his ear. He fancied he heard the breaking of a branch and the rattling of a stone, as if it had been dislodged and fallen down a rough slope, knocking against other stones on its way. He went a few steps through the defile that led to his niche, and then he heard the tread of a footstep—whether human or not, he was unable to guess.

"Who's there?" Dick called out.

There was a sudden, low, sharp cry of fear.

* From "A Romance of The Moors," by Mona Caird. Henry Holt & Co. Dick Coverdale, of Braisted Farm, is an intelligent and handsome young Yorkshire man whose mentality is already at war with his homely religious environment. The village of Winterbridge lies at the foot of Braisted hill.

"Don't be alarmed!" he called out to the unknown one.

He went through the defile, and became aware of a woman's form leaning against the side of a big stone.

"You will be drenched, out in this rain," said Dick, wondering how to inspire her with confidence. "There is a little corner through here where you will be entirely sheltered, if you will let me show it you."

Dick could see that the young woman was looking at him searchingly, as if wondering whether she might trust him.

"My name is Coverdale; perhaps you may have heard it? My father has the farm yonder, across the fields.

"This way. Can you get over the hillock there? That's right—now along this sheep-track: if you give me your hand."

She held out a long, rather thin, capable-looking hand, and placed it in Dick's large and horny one. Although it trembled slightly, she seemed to have no distrust of her companion, who led her along the path to the defile. She stopped then with a comic air of dismay.

"Do you mean to tell me I have to get through there?"

"It's not so narrow as it looks," said Dick.

The transit was safely achieved, and the newcomer uttered an exclamation of pleasure when she saw the cozy nook entirely sheltered, and furnished with a carpet of leaves.

"This is delicious! But please don't trouble any more; I am supremely comfortable."

"Your cloak is wet through," said Dick, proud of his position as knight to a distressed dame: "if you will—if you wouldn't mind having my coat?" he stammered.

"Oh no—no!" she said quickly.

The deafening roar all round made them smile at one another in a manner that struck them as surprisingly intimate, considering the date of their acquaintance.

"I had come up to the moors to sketch," she explained, "and lost my way. I am staying at the inn in Winterbridge. The sunset to-night was so fine that I forgot the hour, and it grew dusk, and I got confused among these boulders and found myself walking over precipices; then the rain began, and I came up here thinking to get shelter. Your moors, Mr. Coverdale, are eerie places at dusk; and I was thinking of all the horrid stories I had heard, and devoutly hoping I should meet nobody when suddenly, quite close to me, I heard your voice. It was a bad moment, I assure you!"

Then in the course of conversation, his new acquaintance informed him that her name was Margaret Ellwood, that her husband was dead, and that she was now supporting herself by her brush. She had come to Yorkshire to do some sketching on the moors.

"I can't afford to be idle," she said; "yet health is as important as bread, so I try to win the two at the same time."

"Then you sell your pictures!" Dick exclaimed.

"Does that surprise you so much?"

Dick looked at her more carefully, but in the dim light he could not detect the weary look in her eyes, or the too great pallor of her cheeks and lips. Her robustness of outline, and a certain energy in her manner, gave a true impression of native strength, but disguised the signs of overstrain. She had fine limpid gray-blue eyes, that looked out straight and clear, inspiring trust; her hair was of a light reddish brown, very smooth and luxuriant. The features were irregular, the brow broad, the lips full. The eyes gave an expression of gravity to the face.

This type of woman was entirely unfamiliar to the farmer's son. He felt clumsy and uncouth beside her, yet she attracted him. The rain still poured down, threatening to prolong the singular interview indefinitely. Mrs. Ellwood endeavored to draw her companion into conversation.

"I want to understand where you live," she said. "I should so much like to see a real Yorkshire farm. I wonder if I might come up some day from Winterbridge?"

"Why, yes, of course; and we can give you a cup of tea, and I'll show you what there is to see. It's not much. Times are bad, and my father has been obliged to let some of the cottages and buildings go to ruin about the place, and it makes it look desolate."

"But you are fond of it, I suppose?" suggested Mrs. Ellwood, wondering how a Yorkshireman born and bred regarded the spot that seemed to her so full of poetry.

At that question, Dick's real self, escaping the vigilance of the cocoon, made a triumphant sortie.

Mrs. Ellwood looked up admiringly as he drew himself together, and stood with one hand pressed hard against the rock as he leaned forward. She longed to sketch the fine easy lines of his figure, and the firmness and swing of the pose. She had scarcely realized before how handsome he

was. She was so much occupied in studying his face, with a view to portraiture, that she did not notice what he was saying. He must have been speaking several seconds when her mind drifted into the current of his thoughts at haphazard.

"—there isn't an inch of ground between here and Braisted that I don't love with every fibre of my body! It's got to be part of myself. Our people have been here for generations, and I feel as if I were made out of the soil, just as the grass is and the heather. When the rain falls, it is as if it fell on me, and when the sun shines, it is as if it shone on me. We're simple folk hereabout—so, I suppose, we seem to you, who have seen so much, and done so much that is unknown to us—but we have things in our life that you can't have—you who live in towns, torn away from the earth."

Mrs. Ellwood's expression had changed from one of observant criticism to a look of keen interest.

"It has always been one of my regrets that I have known the country so little," she said gently.

"One can't have everything," returned the young man with a greedy sigh, "more's the pity! But my heart is sore for all who have not known the friendship of these things."

"I suppose, then, nothing would induce you to leave your native place?"

Dick took his hand from the rock, and swung his figure round, his head sinking suddenly on his breast.

"It's strange that you should ask me that question," he said, after a pause: "it's one I've been asking myself in secret this two years and more. It seems as if there were two men inside this body of mine—one that has got roots in the soil, the other with wings. And the fellow with wings has been troubling lately. His brother has the best of it; for it's easy to stay, and hard to go."

"I suppose your parents are loath to part with you?"

"Ay; I am their eldest son, and they trust to me to look after things. Times are hard now: my father lost more than half his stock last year, and he worries over it sorely. There are two young boys to bring up besides me. My mother works hard from dawn till dusk; if it were not for her, my father often says he couldn't keep head above water. She likes to think that I shall have the farm after they are gone, and she struggles to hold things together for my sake as well as for my father's. They both fix their thoughts on me.

They are as good parents as ever a man had; and yet"—Dick paused for a second—"something beyond those hills seems to call to me unceasingly, and I feel that I must go!"

He gave a sigh, as if it had relieved him to confess himself. It did not occur to him that since he was a little boy, telling his troubles at his mother's knee, this was the first time that he had spoken openly to any one.

He had an unaccountable sense of having known this woman all his life. Her sympathy was so penetrating, that he could feel it around him. Her mere presence soothed and gave hope and strength. To see her sitting there in her calm attitude, was to be rescued for a time from the sense of profound solitude that had haunted him from his childhood.

"You have read a good deal, have you not? and thought?" Mrs. Ellwood said presently.

Dick laughed.

"In my father's little library are *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, *The Book of Martyrs*, a copy of Shakespeare, an old volume of Charles Lamb, Gibbon, and a good many others less noteworthy. A shop in Dedborough that I haunt has also supplied me with books, sometimes worthless, sometimes—like this."

Dick was on his knees before his new friend, and had placed the precious volume in her hand.

"Shelley!" she exclaimed. "Had you never come across him before?"

"No, only read of him. It seems to me as if all the joy of my life were crowding into one day! I found this book this afternoon—this evening I"—he hesitated—"I won a true heart—and to-night——"

"To-night?" she prompted with a warm smile, almost as one would give to a child, yet full of a tender reverence that in this woman was ever ready to go forth toward all true and aspiring spirits.

"To-night I have found you!"

"Ah! and a very valuable discovery it is indeed!" she said with a gentle laugh. "I am glad you find me so entertaining; but I must really be going."

She had risen, and was standing on the verge of the rock, holding out her hand to catch the drops. "A mere summer shower," she said. "It will be quite refreshing."

BRIEF AND CRITICAL COMMENT

The editor of Lippincott's Magazine has "after considerable persuasion" induced Walt Whitman to translate, or rather explain, his last message—Good-By, My Fancy. Here is the poet's own opinion of his own work, over his own signature: "H. Heine's first principle of criticising a book was, What motive is the author trying to carry out, or express, or accomplish? and the second, Has he achieved it? The theory of my *Leaves of Grass* as a composition of verses has been from first to last (if I am to give impromptu a hint of the spinal marrow of the business, and sign it with my name), to thoroughly possess the mind, memory, cognizance of the author himself, with everything beforehand—a full armory of concrete actualities, observations, humanity, past poems, ballads, facts, technique, war and peace, politics, North and South, East and West, nothing too large or too small, the sciences as far as possible—and above all America and the present—after and out of which the subject of the poem, long or short, has been invariably turned over to his Emotionality, even Personality, to be shaped thence; and emerges strictly therefrom, with all its merits and demerits on its head. Every page of my poetic or attempt at poetic utterance therefore smacks of the living physical identity, date, environment, individuality, probably beyond anything known, and in style often offensive to the conventions. This new last cluster, Good-By, my Fancy, follows suit, and yet with a difference. The clef is here changed to its lowest, and the little book is a lot of tremolos about old age, death, and faith. The physical just lingers, but almost vanishes. The book is garrulous, irascible (like old Lear), and has various breaks and even tricks to avoid monotony. It will have to be ciphered and ciphered out long—and is probably in some respects the most curious part of its author's baffling works." . . . The Saturday Review, in discussing Kipling's *The Finest Story in The World*, says: "It is terribly un-Greek." And that in view of the way in which Charlie, the mouthpiece, slings modern slang, "the idea of Metempsychosis and remembering past lives does not hold water." "However," it adds, "as Mr. Kipling has visions of his own, why not do more of them? Far from all the stories having been told,

most of the best stories await the teller. Adventures on the ancient Sacred Way, from the Baltic, across Europe, to the Grecian seas, before Homer's time; the tales of the old amber trade; all that befell the Argo, between Colchis and the Atlantic; the wanderings of Greek dramatic companies in the native Courts of India; the true tale of the Coming of the Whites, like Manco Capac, to Peru; the glory, and mysterious fall, of Chichimec and Palenque, cities of the Mayas—all these things, and many like them, have to be invented or remembered. Mr. Kipling's story of the two English kings in Kafiristan proves that he can give us what we want, and have wanted a long time, if he chooses, if his memory be lively enough, and if he can find the due proportions of the narrative, and not write it, so to say, in shorthand. It is better to do the work than to 'smoke enchanted cigarettes' in the dreaming over it". . . . Over the opening chapters of Amélie Rives Chanler's *According to St. John* the Boston Transcript thus exclaims: "But, bless us and save us! the red lights of the Maison Roget beat the windy sunsets and vivid sunshine of Virginia out and out, and the one only and eternal sort of love is thrust upon a young American girl in Paris soul and body (skin and bones and hymn-book too!) in a surprisingly anguished way. Of course there are heaps of tragedies and heaps of frenzied emotions and heaps of lots of things in the world, but when it comes to their expression in literature, they must be done by an artist in an impersonal way, or they are not art. It is cruel to pitch into Mrs. Chanler, who breaks a long silence with this story, and it is on the most impersonal spirit and quite as if *According to St. John* were published anonymously, that it must be said that the opening chapters are, from a literary point of view, very funny. It would take an extremely young or extremely sentimental reader, one with no sense of literary values, to repress a smile over poor little Jean Carter." . . . Regarding the recent London dinner of "women who make literature a vocation" to discuss the proposition of changing the designation "literary ladies" to that of "writing women," Mr. G. W. Smalley writes from London: "There are living women whose lightest word would be heard on two continents at least. But perhaps they are not 'literary ladies,' and so were not entitled to be present at this feast. And the great dead—can any one imagine Mrs. Browning, or George Eliot,

or Georges Sand, collecting together at the Criterion to eat a dinner, and make speeches, and drink toasts in coffee, and send an account of their proceedings to the next morning's newspapers? It is not a thing easy to imagine, nor is it easy to take a serious view of such efforts as these to put the two sexes on an equality. Among all the rights of women, real or imaginary, existing or demanded, the right not to go to a public dinner is one of the most precious. And these literary ladies are wantonly flinging it away. They seem to have tolerated men at their banquet only as waiters, and then only while the rites were purely conventional. Later in the evening the waiters were banished, for 'it appeared that a well-known publisher had sent a box of cigarettes which were handed round, and after a little hesitation and a search for matches, the ladies began to smoke.' To that point has the emancipation of women now reached." The English editors are having great fun over the proposed change of name and are very satirical over the proceedings at the dinner. One writer observes: "It will be of small use putting on artistic gowns to eat and smoke cigarettes together if all that comes of it is an aping of the manners of the men of Bohemia." Another declares: "Of writing women we have too many. The fruits of their tree of knowledge are like the Dead Sea apples." Still another: "It is well enough to remind these literary women that our greatest women have worn their weight of learning very like a flower. We shall believe more in all this stir and bustle, this rending up of old landmarks, when the 'writing women' give us a Jane Eyre or a Mill on the Floss." . . . In a recent article in the Independent, on the Dignities and Indignities of Literature, Thomas Wentworth Higginson remarks: "Our leading journals are learning to criticise frankly the works of their own contributors; a thing formerly unknown in America, as it still seems to be in Europe. This helps greatly to keep up the dignity of the literary profession, though not always the felicity of the individual author. The greatest indignity which he and his vocation have now to suffer lies in the constant assumption, even by otherwise well-informed people, that it is a profession of tricks and advertising devices, and that the main object of the author is not to do good work, but to keep himself as much as possible before the public. The author receives not merely an annoyance, but a distinct

indignity when it is assumed by enterprising publishers that he is willing to pay money to have his picture appear in their forthcoming work; to buy a book he does not want, because his name occurs in it; to supply a new biography of himself for each new cyclopedia, as if the old facts were not sufficient, and the public wished him this time to select a new birth-day and birth-place for this publication only; to furnish particulars as to his height, weight, and the color of his hair, with the same particulars as to his wife, children, and grandparents. These discourtesies would not be so bad, were they not based obviously on the assumption that all these requests are a favor to the author himself, and the carrying out of his most cherished desire. It is hard enough to keep one's privacy, amid the publicity of our modern life; but it is still harder to have all preference for privacy dismissed as a base hypocrisy. It may happen at last that as some one felicitously defined 'society people' as including only those whose names one never sees in the 'society columns,' so we may at some future day limit the department of celebrated authors to those of whose personality we know almost as little as if they had written the Letters of Junius.... "I wonder," said she, "if they are any happier thinkin' about gettin' married than I am a thinkin' about gettin' buried." "These are the closing words of a little tale contained in that wonderful book called *An Humble Romance, and other stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins," says James Payn in the English periodical *Black and White*: "The book was brought to me the other day by a friend who believed it would beguile some of my invalid hours. So it did. I had never heard of the book or the authoress before; I do not know now whether I am writing about Miss Wilkins or Mrs. Wilkins. But unless I am greatly mistaken, New England has found a fresh and an original hand to paint a certain narrow, limited, repressed, and pinched corner of her social life. The sentence I have quoted seems to point the moral of the whole volume. There are people to whom the duty of getting decently buried is quite important, and even as delightful, as the duty to other people of getting decently married. These stories are all the stories of pinched and restricted lives—not a wild exuberant blossom among them. They are the stories, mostly, of disappointed old maids—some sweetened and made all but heavenly by disappointment; others soured and marred, their very religion per-

verted into selfishness and spite. There is hardly a breath of youth or of passion—I mean flaming love passion—about it all. Even where love passion does exist, it is kept mostly under the iron band of duty. But the book is real, true, genuine—and intensely poetic. Its dialect is as faithful to the kind of life it describes as its emotions are. It could not be anything but New England. Will people here understand it? I do not know.” . . . Apropos of the Bashkirtseff “influence,” and the late female craze to give themselves up to a diary, a Baltimore mother tells this story to a writer for the Illustrated American. Her daughter, this mother says, is a bright little girl not more than fifteen years of age but a great bookworm. She secured a copy of Marie’s Diary without her mother’s knowledge, and read it with absorbing interest. Immediately a sombreness, a morbid reticence, and hitherto undeveloped idiosyncrasies were manifested in the child. She begged to be allowed to study art, let her tricycle rest in the back yard, and no longer visited her schoolmates, but sat mooning in her own room, drawing impossible pictures, and writing diligently. Finally, one day this absurd child came home from school, her cheeks flushed with fever, and complaining of all sorts of wretched feelings. Her mother sent for a physician and put the young lady to bed. Thinking she was about to die, she gave way to all sorts of hysterical confessions. “And oh! mamma,” she sobbed, sitting on the edge of her couch and trying to be dignified over the hot mustard foot-bath, “you will find in the bottom of my little writing-desk a diary of my life, telling you many things you may not have understood. I have been keeping it for nearly a year, and you can do what you choose with it.” When the medicine man appeared he was warned in advance of his patient’s state of mind. After a rapid diagnosis of the case he removed his glasses, and while slowly polishing them gave the flushed young person on the pillows a very amused look. “Doctor, do you think I shall ever be well again?” pleaded the tearful invalid, with conscious importance. “Well, yes, I do,” returned the physician. “Very well, indeed, if your mother keeps the room darkened and gives you toast-water to drink. You have at present as handsome a case of measles as I have seen this season. Not very romantic, but most little girls have them, and as soon as you are out again I shall recommend a thorough course

of tennis, some 'King's Daughter' work, with a close study of Miss Alcott, Jane Austen, and Walter Scott's stories. Now turn over, my dear, and go straight to sleep; measles and sentiment at your age, if taken in time, never kill any one." . . . Geo. W. Smalley in his London letter to the New York Tribune says: "Mr. Howells's views of criticism and fiction are no better liked here when collected into a volume than they were when first issued in what the English critic hoped might be a fugitive form. Sermons are preached against Mr. Howells's heresies; some of them very good sermons: He is told that his theories of novel-writing are meant to convince the public that his own novels are an embodiment of the perfect canon, and that his eulogies on Anthony Trollope and his contempt for 'the caricaturist Thackery' are but an apology for his own works. The preacher might have added that a canon of criticism, the effect of which was to put Thackery below Trollope, requires no further discussion. Mr. Howells's admirable gifts as a novelist are recognized—though sometimes grudgingly recognized—in this country. His novels are printed here and read here. The very controversies which cluster about his name are so many fruits of his force and of the importance of his place in literature. His heresies, nevertheless, remain heresies. He excels in a particular form of fiction, but his efforts to prove that nobody has a right to excel in other forms of fiction diminish neither his own readers nor the readers of the great masters of an earlier generation whom he vainly seeks to disparage. He is something more than realistic. He would create—if not a monopoly—a monotony in novel-writing, which would be hateful if it were possible. It is not possible, nor is it possible to suppose that Mr. Howells really wishes that all art should be photographic, or would have the touchstone of all literature to be servile fidelity to fact." . . . Journalists are not in the best of temper with the consideration shown the work of statesmen and litterateurs in the syndicates-out of newspaper material. The St. James Budget is authority for the statement that Lord Randolph Churchill secured £100 per letter for his special South African correspondence to the Daily Graphic and adds, "these letters contain nothing that might not have been written in Connaught-place, and a good many journalists would have been glad to supply them, much better written, for a guinea." The Robert Louis Stevenson letters

from the South Sea Islands are also under criticism. Blakely Hall in his *Truth* says: "I have heard more than one person say within the last few months that the brightest part of the Sun was not the part contributed by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his letters from the South Sea Islands, but the Sun itself appears to be of a contrary opinion. An Albany paper printed a three-line paragraph recently in which it declared that any one of a dozen of the Sun's bright young men could go to the South Sea Islands and beat Mr. Stevenson at writing letters from that point, and the Sun copied the paragraph under the heading, *The Sun's Bright Young Men Overestimated*. But I apprehend that most people who have tried to read the South Sea Island letters will agree with the Albany paper. From all that Mr. Stevenson had produced before the appearance of this correspondence, anybody would have said that for him to write a dull line would be impossible. His tales and essays were marvels of fresh and brilliant imagination. But these letters are surprisingly and painfully different. They are so different that I can account for the Sun's publication of them only on the theory that they were bought "sight unseen," and that the glamour of the name attached to them is held to be a warrant for their continued appearance. But in printing them, Mr. Dana, you are guilty of a wicked interference with the prerogatives of your office cat." . . . London *Punch* has been the recipient of many handsome compliments on the occasion of its Jubilee (fiftieth) Birthday. In one of its earlier issues when its anonymous sauciness was the talk of London, *Punch* printed this: "People are asking the names of the contributors to our delightful pages. We will divulge them—in our hundredth volume!" Here is the hundredth volume out, says the London Speaker, "and the names of most of those early contributors have long since been secure of immortality. There seems no reason why *Punch* himself should not go on to the end of the world." . . . Edgar Fawcett says in *The Arena* that "men and women of intellectual fame shrink from contact with *The Four Hundred*" because "they encounter patronage at such places, and patronage from one's inferiors can never be a pleasant mode of passing one's time." Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, writing in *The North American Review*, takes this view of the matter: "The true writer gives his whole intellect and his whole time to his work, and he is satisfied to do so. He has no

time and no interest to spare for tiddledy-winks and donkey parties, nor even for progressive euchre. It does not amuse him to say 'so nice,' and 'so pleasant,' and 'thanks,' fifty times an hour and to say very little else more sensible. He objects to being made a lion of, to writing his autograph for gushing girls, to playing games he abandoned with his short jacket and school-books. So, then, it is not society which is unappreciative of literature; in ten cases out of ten it is literature which cannot fold itself small enough for society. For in spite of all controversy, it is a great thing to influence public opinion, to inform the ignorant, to solace the unhappy, and to give to unknown multitudes a high and pure enjoyment."...Regarding the pernicious effect of writing for money Walter Besant in the Author says: "Consider! A man produces a book. This book is his masterpiece. Gush and convention say he must be profoundly indifferent to the thousands of pounds this book represents. Gush and convention, we are bound to say, are little heeded. Authors, in spite of all their innocence, generally appreciate the value of their own work and demand their price. Let us say that it does not seem to us they in any way deserve censure for this. Nor can we perceive the pernicious effects of writing for money. It is the fashion in some quarters to decry the literature of to-day. It is said that in this unfortunate era we have no great writers and no great books. Positively this is true. But in popular literature at least we do "very well indeed."...Reasoning about the decline of poetry, Mr. Brander Matthews holds that oratorical eloquence is drying up because with increasing wisdom the appeal to the emotions is less and less likely to succeed, and he adds: "Sometimes of late I have found myself wondering whether poetry is now moving forward to the fate of oratory. The circumstances are different, no doubt, and the conditions which produced the decline of eloquence have not as yet revealed themselves in the realm of poesy. But there are many signs that people are getting tired of those who "by long practice can pack exactly two platitudes and a quarter into the compass of a sonnet," or compress an inane giggle into the lines of a triolet.

See Book List on front advertising pages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.